

CAVALCADE

MARCH 1949



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Cavalcade

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Chinatown



To the Chinese, preparation of food is a fine art. Europeans usually agree.

EVERY Chinese restaurant you see will feed you well and send you away happy. There's nothing to it. The Chinese cook, scrupulously clean, methodical, and conscientious, cooks his food to a nicety, serves it to fill the stomach and advance the health, and brings to his task a courtesy and politeness that are foreign to a great many Western eating-houses.

Whether you go to the dingy little cafe of slipper-footed Han Ho in George Street North, or the flash, well-lighted Hanglong Cafe in Sydney's Haymarket, the policy and tradition hold good. You will find them in the few small Chinese cafes in Brisbane, along George Street or on the South Side.

Dropping into a Chinese restaurant, you might expect to see only Chinese dining, but it is usually not the case. You'll see Australian men, seated amid a haze of smoke and a babel of talk and laughter, and only one or two Chinese are there, impassively looking on.

If a Chinese visits a cafe alone

he is served like a European, getting the dish he ordered and nothing more. That's not as silly as it sounds. It's a good reason why Chinese like to dine in groups of four to six. This makes it possible to have different dishes.

All order from the menu, the first fish balls, the second fried rice, the third sweet-and-sour pork and so on. When the food arrives it is placed, according to Chinese custom, in china bowls in the centre of the table.

Meanwhile the tea has been served, either by teapot, or brought in on a tray by a waiter. The "cups" of white and blue china are bowls about two and a half inches high and have no handles. Chinese drink their tea without sugar or milk. It is mainly served before a meal, and sipped between mouthfuls of food. The sons of Han taking each a cup, raise it in a toast and all wish good health to union.

Every Chinese fills his own bowl with a portion of the individual

dish in the centre of the dining table.

It might seem unhygienic to the Australian, but the Chinese always use the chopsticks they have eaten with to lift additional food into their bowls; and they use their own spoons for a second helping of soup. The Chinese never impose his habits on an Australian friend who visits a cafe with him. With courtesy he will ask: "Will you eat from plate or bowl? Use chopsticks or knife and fork?"

It is not really difficult to eat with chopsticks. The secret lies in the holding of the sticks—one stationary, the other mobile—and the speed with which you can eat. A Chinese will hold his bowl of rice close to his mouth, and manipulate the sticks at a prodigious rate, scooping it up with a sort of sweeping movement.

Chopsticks are made of wood, bamboo—and ivory for the high-class diners. Sometimes they are beautifully carved with scenic pictures and mottoes in Chinese such as: Rest of Health, Rest of Appetite; Eat Up and Be Happy. They are boiled after use.

Systems of table-waiting differ in the various cafes. In some the waiter, a clean, pink-faced boy, will take your order at the table and ring it out to the kitchen, where a kitchen-boy prepares the ingredients for the chef. In others, the waiter sends the order to a stand-by lad who pins it on the wall for the Dye San Foo, or head cook, to see. When the order is ready, the stand-by boy carries it to the waiter, who places it before the customer. The stand-by boy is always the chief communicating in-

struments between a dumb waiter, the chef and the waiter in the dining room. In a good many cafes where the dining room and kitchen are on the ground level the waiter calls the order direct to the chef.

He calls piercingly: "Tong ming. Foo yang. Pans," when he takes an order from a fellow Chinese.

Down the other end of the cafe a lady nudges some good Australian: "Long soup, fried rice, curried pemm and dim-sum."

If he feels like it, the waiter relays all that in English.

The Chinese waiter is particularly patient with cranky and abusive customers. When a drunken bag came in and ordered long soup, it was placed before her. She pushed it aside with a leer.

"That's not long soup."

"Sorry," said the waiter. "Bat long soup, yes."

"Get out. That's not the long soup I used to get."

"So sorry. Something else, please?"

Having failed to provoke the waiter, the bag said with irritable persistence: "No, no, leave it here."

During the war an indignant customer got hold of John and pointed an accusing finger at his rice bowl.

"John," he said, darkly, "why you put barley in rice, huh?"

The Chinese shrugged, waved his hands.

"No—not much."

"But still barley, huh?"

"Oh, yes. Little barley. Rice hard to get now."

When a particularly rowdy drunk tries to hold sway, the Chinese try to get rid of him politely.

WHEN an Englishman is told a joke he laughs three times: first, for politeness; second, when the joke is explained; third, when it repeats.

When a German hears a joke, he laughs twice: first, to be polite; second, when it is explained. With Germans, jokes do not repeat.

When a Frenchman hears a joke, he laughs once; it registers immediately.

When an American hears a joke, he doesn't laugh at all; he's heard it before.

"We talk first," says the Chinese waiter. "No, no, we do not throw him out. We say: Quiet please. Do not disturb."

"And what if he doesn't obey?"

"We do the same as you Australians. We fight if necessary. We get his arms and walk him quick, or get a judo on him and give him the works. But we try not to injure his person if possible."

Brawlers, they say, never come looking for the same medicine twice.

The Chinese kitchen is worth looking into. You might see in this chef long the chef conversing by writing with his "you see too" (assistant). They're not dumb. It just happens that one speaks Cantonese and the other Mandarin. Though they cannot converse with each other by speech, they can do so in writing because the same ideographs are general throughout China, though they stand for different words in different dialects.

The kitchen at one Chinese club

I visited has two sections, one for the cooking of Chinese foods, the other to the gastronomic needs of whites in general. Three cooks handle each section, working amid the bubbling and the steaming, their faces gleaming and glossy as porcelains. They are dressed in white and look like hospital internes. Smiling and laughing, clucking jokes, they turn on the fried rice, fish balls, pastry-and-meat, soup made of mustard plant, and other tasty dishes.

So strict is the division that you won't find an Australian sautépan mixed up with the Chinese steaks. All those used in Chinese cooking are distinctly Chinese—round iron pans with two handles, used for frying, steaming and boiling; and among the important cuisine ingredients are cornflour, peanut oil, vinegar and soy bean sauce.

When you turn away and look into the Australian part of the kitchen you see it filled with aluminium utensils familiar to any domestic. The Chinese cook handles a pan in which to fry eggs, and a griller for steak, as well as any Australian purveyor of those national dishes. And not only do they stick to the utensils; they also use the Australian methods of preparing and cooking foods common to our palate.

The art of Chinese cooking is not solely the forte of Chinese. Australians have become adepts at it. An easy way to start is to try a chicken à la chinoise. First go to the fowlhouse or the delicatessen, and get a bird in the bloom of youth; make sure it lost its life but recently. Rub it with salt and

dampen it with soy sauce; dunk it in a saucepan of boiling peanut oil, allow ten minutes for each side, remove, drain, and you will have the original golden cockerel.

A bachelor friend of the chopsticks once put on a Chinese night. We had the romantic experience of congregating in a kitchen at one in the morning to cook sweet-and-sour pork.

In my novice hands was placed a basin containing a peculiar clothed man.

"Beat that," said the maestro.

"I'll beat it," I said, squarably, "but I won't eat it."

After beating, it became a wholesome better composed of a cup of flour and two eggs.

Meanwhile, the maestro was performing surgically on a slab of lean pork, cutting it into a heap of pencil-thick cubes.

"Now, dust these well with salt and pepper," he ordered a glumly-gowned wench, who abided away from a sautépan of fat, which, meantime, was sizzling gently on the stove.

Then, drunk with a sense of his own power, my friend commanded us maephys to make the "sweet-and-sour," while he dipped the pork in the batter and proceeded to deep fry it.

The sweet-and-sour sauce is a pleasant and literal combination of vinegar and sugar: a cup of the sour to a cup and a half of the sweet. Under his directions we added a few sliced spring onions, and a noiseful of mysterious seasoner which turned out to be green grapes.

We poured the mixture into a pan, thickened it with a tablespoon of cornflour, and stirred it with an authoritative hand. As we removed the creamy sauce from the hot-point the maestro piled the golden meat cubes into a hot dish; the two were wedded, and we lived happily for an hour after.

Not even Brillat-Savarin, the famous French gastronome, could teach the Chinese cook anything about gastronomy as a fine art, and he was a gourmet who tasted the food of the world.





★Thank God For CONDO BILL!

RICHARD STRONG

No artist has succeeded in capturing the spirit of the Australian soldier.

JERRY was a very busy messie that day; since early morning the dirt had been coming over thick and fast, and the boys were playing 'possum in their doovers.

Even Condo Bill, who was a funny man at all times, was a little concerned at the venom Alamein Ann was displaying. As the shells went overhead, he ducked his head up only to gaze at their destinations.

"Get on to this one for Cairo leave . . . Here's one for Shepherd's . . . Change here for Alex . . ."

All stations to Sater Street
Change at Alex for the Black Cat Cafe . . ."

And then Alamein Ann, perhaps a little tired from her exertions, dropped one short; in fact, she put one very close to Condobolin Bill's doovers. He stayed down for a full minute, and then his very shocked face peered cautiously over the top of the hole. Mockly, he regarded the rest of the boys and:

"And a change here for Condobolin Bill."

It would be a gross exaggeration to say that the Australian soldier likes war. He doesn't, on the contrary, he hates it perhaps a little more than the soldiers of other

nations, for he lacks the feeling of personal hatred against the enemy, which can compensate for war's disadvantages, or make them easier to bear.

But, even lacking that hate, he fights harder than any other soldier in the world. And when his own particular bit of war is on, he finds an outlet for his emotions as a sense of humor that is no less than amazing.

What does he talk about when the action is over? Not of deadly serious incidents, not of death; not of his own actions. No, he speaks of the "funny" things he saw: of the infant who claimed half a dozen of the enemy with a magazine-less submachine gun; of the Tommy reinforcement who struck a match to light a cigarette at night with a Spondon 200 yards away — to have the match kicked out of his hands by an Australian who received, in answer to his carica, a broadsopolen, "Ec, on a Spondon shoot 200 yards, Choom?" and the hundred and one incidents he rates as funny. In fact, listening to him casually, you would almost think that he'd just come from a theatre where he'd got quite a bit of entertainment.

Yet he is deeply conscious of the seriousness of war. Thinking more deeply — more emotionally — than his English comrade, but less volatile than the American, it is in his spirit of fatalism that the Australian finds his solvation . . . that, and his incredible sense of humor.

Strongly — or perhaps logically — it is after periods of stress that this humor is most evident.

I remember, for instance, how while we were on our way to the Middle East, our voyage officer took us into his confidence. He was not a particularly popular character, but the story he told us almost brought tears of sympathy from us. His life, he told us, was over; his home life was unhappy and his wife had departed the family hearth; his career had been wrecked by circumstances which he did not detail. In short, he had outlived his usefulness on this planet.

With great bitterness, he reflected that he, a mere shell of a man, would be returning to Australia to clear out his years in a Basic job, whilst we — lads in our prime — would perhaps become the possessors of a bit of Egypt which would be forever ours. Why, he asked passionately, should things be thus?

Shortly afterwards, when we were 24 hours off Colombo, a submarine shot a torpedo at us, whilst we were at breakfast four decks down. I guess everybody felt the same way as I did when I heard the warning hooter: a little annoyed that it should happen at breakfast time, a bit scared, but more than anything else, very self-conscious about the business — it

seemed so theatrical as we crouched for our emergency rationes (mostly because we'd have been fired a quid for not having them), and moved with elaborate leisureliness towards the passageway.

Half way up the stairs, we met the Voyage Officer. He was shouting: "I don't want to die! Run, you second rate!"

The torpedo missed, and that was that — as far as we were concerned. But our Voyage Officer still had a few words to say. He mustered us and checked our equipment. One man who had been in a deck when the warning sounded had neither haversack nor emergency rationes. *Why?* asked the Lieutenant. *Because, the guilty one answered, he had no time to get it.*

"No time! The others had time! I had time!"

And he emphasised his words by slapping the haversack at his side. It was an unfortunate move, for until then, we had not noticed he was wearing only his respirator — a piece of equipment which, as everyone knows, is neither edible nor particularly useful when you're on a drifting raft.

The incident provided the comic relief which brought us all to normal.

This was spontaneous humor, the kind that has its inspiration in the situation rather than the individual. But there is always someone, even in the smallest group of soldiers, who can be depended on either to create the situation to guff, or can perform his act without benefit of setting.

Before the Alamein show, it was decided that the Eighth Army should place a "Jock roll

A PROFOUND CULINARY OBSERVATION

I often wonder how they
make
The spots within a sunset
color,
And if they decide to make
it plain,
How they take 'em out
again.

—D.L.

unit" into operation. The duties of such a column were to get behind the enemy lines and generally perform merry hell. It was to be an all-in show: tanks, anti-tank guns, infantry, everything. Its greatest disadvantage, in far as the troops were concerned, was that casualties were expected to be 100 per cent. The elect of the jock column weren't the jolliest bunch of soldiers in the desert by any means. In fact, the more imaginative were inclined to be introspective — without, of course, publicly displaying their trepidation.

It was a gunner who took their minds off the job. He went into all the actions of being a one man jock column, and for days rehearsed every stage of the business. His death scene was particularly vivid, and no man ever suffered a more violent death than he. It was sheer — and not very clever — clowning, and it cured the depression which had been hovering about. His only

peace was the smiles he got, his only satisfaction the thought that he had removed fear.

The jock column plan was scrapped. In the relief of humping the news the others abused the gunner soundly for the liberty which they had previously found so diverting. And from that day, no one has ever laughed at anything the gunner has said, and not even a man would think he was funny.

He doesn't want to be thought a funny man. But he knew that someone had to be funny and he accepted the responsibility.

There is no typical Australian Army humorist; that is, no artist has portrayed a soldier as Baines father created "Old Bill", nor as Bill Mauldin pictured his Willie and Joe, and Baker has "Sad Sack."

These characters aren't humorists, but merely human; the things they have done are the things the soldiers of any army do, and laugh at.

Mauldin's portrayal of his heroes as unshaven, slouching figures made an instantaneous hit with the troops. General Patton, however, anxious to preserve Army prestige, sent for Mauldin and "suggested" that the unshaven Willie and Joe set a bad example to his soldiers.

Mauldin's reply was that he had not set out to improve, but to entertain, and granting that a good bearing was important, his aim was to portray the infantryman as he really was.

Patton and Mauldin parted friends — and Willie and Joe retained their beards . . . and their authenticity.

It is a pity that no Australian

artist has been able to capture the human angle of the Digger and transform it into a documentary record of Digger humor.

Alex Gurney's "Bluesy and Curly" has, perhaps, gone closest to portraying the outlook of the Australian soldier. For the most part, his two heroes have echoed the thoughts of the average Aussie soldier, and his obviously close study of Army phraseology has given his strip authenticity.

Anyway, what would the "typical" Australian funny-soldier look like? Much of the appeal of Mauldin characters is that they are often unshaven — an error of omission which earned the heavy disapproval of Army high-ups on more than one occasion.

The portrayal of a "typical" Australian as an unshaven private would doubtless bring a storm of protest. Nevertheless, soldiers in action sometimes do become hair-cut, and to attempt to paint them otherwise would immediately mark them as phoney.

How would the typical soldier speak? Baines father permitted Bill to drop his stitches — and it is a

fact that soldiers are sometimes lax in the use of expletives.

But Australian Army authorities, probably because they are anxious to remove an overseas impression that the Aussie is a roughneck (and he isn't, any more than the Yank or Tommy), frown on artists taking liberties with the King's English.

I have my own picture of the Australian funny soldier: he is Condo Bill . . . he is the little jockey whose speech was plentifully sprinkled with blasphemy . . . he is the clown type for whom, even while you laughed, you felt embarrassed . . . he is, in fact, a composite beyond portrayal.

To me, he typifies the greatest human being with whom I have ever come in contact. Morally, he is not always perfect, or even nearly perfect; intellectually, he is often a dead loss; socially, his shortcomings are only too apparent.

But he is the man who has made Australians the most feared fighters in the world. And it is his sense of humor which causes his mates to continue a fight when other men might have called it a day.



MAORI

Miracle MAN

He claimed no healing powers; his successes, he said, were God's will.

RUTH PARK



HERE was a curious thing: an old Maori lay dead, his heavy ploughman's hands knotted at his sides. From his dark face the smile had at last gone. Down by the creek his grandson, stiffening, striped willow boughs for mourning symbols; at the village meeting-house pigs were slaughtered for the wake-feast. It was the same for the death of any old Maori.

But Japan declared a national day of grief for this old man, and all over the world, from Riga to the Chatham Islands, people looked at their unused crutches and were grateful to his memory.

New Zealand newspapers, in a flurry with the new outbreak of war, published obituary paragraphs headed variously: "So-called Faith Healer Passes"; "Maori Agitator's Death"; "Miracle Man Dies" and "End of a Legend."

That was the conclusion to the career of Takapetiki Wiremu Ratana, one of the greatest, and best-known, wonder-workers of his age.

Faith-healers usually came in flowing robes, or in the robes and pipe-carry of the Eastern mystic. Ra-

tana was a solid, thicker man with coarse graying hair and shaggy, smoke-colored eyes, who wore homely working clothes and smoked a pipe almost all the time. Usually as he walked about among the reverent and whispering people, one of his little grandsons trotted behind him. He talked like any laborer. When he was approached by some piteous sufferer or malformed cripple, all he would say was: "I can do nothing. You must ask God. I shall ask Him, too."

He took money from no one; in a period of three years he returned over £100,000 from would-be contributors to his campaign. He never boasted, nor claimed credit for a cure. Ate publicity he received came from grateful "patients."

What gave him the idea he was a wonder-worker? He said God did. It happened this way. At the end of the first world war he was already a middle-aged man, worn and aging with the cares of an unproductive farm on the upper reaches of the Waiparaiti River.

When the black epidemic of Spanish influenza struck the islands, half the Maori population

was wiped out. Terrified and superstitiously obstinate, they hid in their insanitary huts and waited for death to come to them.

On his remote farm lay Ratana, suffering in the last struggle of the disease. He was afraid to die. Then, he said, he saw a vision. He did not seem to be able to describe this, but he rose from his bed not only cured, but with a dominating glaucous spirit, and a child-like faith that never wavered through the amazing ups and downs of his long life.

He began his career as a healer by restoring sight to a woman who had not seen for ten years. This woman had had the optic nerve destroyed by an accident. The news brought a storm of angry protest from doctors who seemed to think this unprecedented Maori had infringed the rules of the B.M.A. Yet nobody could explain the miracle.

The Maoris, open-eyed and gaping, flocked to see him. From the frosty villages in the south to the tropical gaudlands of the north, they began the long trek "to live with Ratana." County Councils and municipal authorities were horrified to see entire communities depart; prosperous farming lands were deserted, and a serious question of population arose. Was the entire Maori race going to live at Wanganui? It seemed as though much of it was. The new Wanganui settlement found itself solid enough to open a large pa, or meeting-house, which they called after Ratana.

Newspapers had a fine time with Ratana. His latest cure, and a jibe at it, made a good end-of-column

paragraph. But privately, people wrote to him, or travelled hundreds of miles to see him. He had letters from Russia and China, some written by secretaries on behalf of distressed persons; others illegible because they were scrawled by paralytics.

Miss Fanny Lamson, an Englishwoman living in Nelson, wrote to him. She had a spinal infection which meant she was completely paralyzed. For fifteen years she had worn a steel cast so that she could be propped up in bed and do a little needlework for a living. To her letter Ratana replied: "Have faith in the Lord your God with sincere, truthful, reverent and untiring belief that the Lord has power to heal." That was all. Two days afterwards Miss Lamson got up and walked, and never wore her cast again. Ten years afterwards she was still an active and normal woman in every way, to the chagrin of the doctors, who maintained that the auto-suggestive effects of faith healing were all.

There was also a deaf and dumb boy who heard shortly after he had been touched by the Maori healer. This lad, Gordon Kender, of Masketu, became a lawyer. He showed no signs that the first fourteen years of his life had been spent in silence.

Ratana was the first man to conceive a plan for keeping the Maoris financially together for their own benefit. He created the Maori United Welfare Bank, and invested over £34,000 in an effort to recover from the State some of the native lands casually handed over for a few yards of red flannel and bottles of hair oil in the good old

EDITORS of science fiction magazines do not use the atomic bomb as sensational, because they regard it as "old stuff." One editor says: "We covered the atomic bomb thoroughly some time ago. Now, we're writing of what comes after the world is destroyed by the bomb."

The people they visualize in this brave new world are "mutants"—the descendants of the survivors of the atomic bomb age. They may have three eyes or four, arms or legs at wacky angles or no organs. A few, say the writers who are asking the most of the threat, will be "telepaths"—that is, they will possess the amazing ability to read another's thoughts.

days. As the State had been sitting on these lands for a century, it had no intention of doing anything else, and Ratsani's plan failed miserably. His advisers decided, in the grand manner, to appeal to Caesar. In other words, they would take a deputation to England to see the King.

If he and his companions had been half-raised, with feathers in their hair, it is a sure bet they would have been cordially received in diplomatic circles in London. As it was, the party of fat, middle-aged Maoris, ill at ease and rather head-up for funds, was unimpressive in any way, and failed even to see the High Commissioner. Coming back, Ratsani's secretary complained bitterly that while a party of Zulus had had their fares paid to the Wembley Exhibition, the misadventurer and his friends had to go under their own steam. They were also highly incensed to find that a Maori meeting-house, donated fifty years before to the London Museum as a token of goodwill and loyalty, was being used at the Exhibition as a stall for the sale of Burmese curiosities.

In Japan, the party was most enthusiastically received, and an effort was made to convince Ratsani that the Maori and Japanese belonged to the same lost tribe of Israel. They were also persuaded that it was their duty to break away from the British Government, doubtless a nice little bit of propaganda for the coming war. When they came home, the Ratsani-ites innocently told the newspapers of this extreme friendliness on the part of the Japanese, which was the instant signal for an out-break of column headlines: "Maori! Mischievous custom! . . . 'Subversion Suspected' and so forth. Ratsani himself said nothing. He was not interested in politics of any sort.

He went on healing. His white banner with a star, a crescent, and the Union Jack, floated over a fast-rising building, the first of those devoted solely to the Maori church. In a few months twenty-two thousand Maoris had enrolled, and Ratsani had a hundred clergy and four hundred lay preachers. Such a compact body of natives might have been used with great

benefit in half a dozen social and political schemes, but save for a severe criticism by the Anglican Synod it went unexecuted. Ratsani was strictly orthodox in his teachings. He was brought up a Presbyterian and could quote the Bible like an old Sunday School teacher.

One of the few things the Maori people did not like about their miracle man was his unwavering belief in drink prohibition. There are many laws in N.Z. about selling liquor to natives, but most of them are defied or avoided in some way, as the Maori is usually willing to pay high sums for his refreshment. Ratsani would not permit alcohol of any sort at his gatherings. Consequently there was an uproar when he was arrested for being drunk in charge of a car.

This was proved false, but more thousands walked no more

with him! after that. From that moment his popularity began to wane. He was dragged into one political mix-up after another and, curiously, his healing powers slowly deserted him. The saner and the jokers found themselves backed by all those who had known all along that Ratsani was only a charlatan.

The Maori church broke up, and only a few hundreds remained faithful to him. The doctors disowned learnedly on the pitfalls of auto-suggestion. By the time he died, he was already half forgotten in New Zealand.

Yet ten thousand people maintain that they walk, see, hear, and speak because of Tahiropoti Whirumu Ratsani, and in the fastnesses of the wild Upper Wanganui there is still that curious collection of rusty wheelchairs and worn-out crutches.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

The plots of Lottery winners . . .
and winnings . . . going off safely.

LIZBETH GARDINER



Fortune

YOU'D WASTE A

WHEN Jack Brown won first prize in the lottery, he shouted drinks for his office. But when the first feeling of elation was past, he began to realise what this sudden stroke of fortune really meant to him.

All his life he had said: "If only I had the capital to get started — a thousand or so and I'd have my own business, and in time, be independent."

There would be no more petty worries . . . no more scratching and scripping for expense money . . . perhaps he would become a wealthy man.

When Jack won £5,000, the chance he had been waiting for was his.

Hundreds of other men and women as well have received from lotteries a running start in the race for independence. But now — a check on lottery-winners shows

that their wish for the capital to start something was fulfilled . . . but their lives do not read "happy ever after." The opportunity, actually thrown into their laps, failed to produce the things they had always wished they'd have, given that "little capital."

Consider the case of Messrs. A, B, C, and D. Obviously, the real names of these people cannot be mentioned, though they were in the newspapers once as winners.

These four men shared the winning ticket, worth £12,000, in the Tattersall's Tattersall's Consolation a few years ago. The wife of Mr. A. received the news first, as the ticket was in his name, and hurried out to the stretch of railway line where he was working. She told him the news, and he promptly collapsed with a paralytic stroke and was taken to hospital, critically ill.

Mr. B. spent his three thousand in one year. He never recovered from the hangover. Mr. C bought a beautiful house with his money, furnished it, and then had to sell out because his salary as a railway employee could not support it. Of the four, Mr. D. came out best. He invested his money in a small business, and in later years, became moderately wealthy.

A man who won Tattersall's later also won the Queen's Gold "Golden Cocker". His sole extravagance from his winnings was a supercharged racing car, which stalled on a railway crossing one afternoon and was the cause of his death.

Although most men long for wealth in order to boost their business or secure their future, a sudden fortune often prompts them to gamble in order to double or triple their winnings quickly. A bright idea if it works . . . but it doesn't.

A man who won the N.S.W. State Lottery invested his whole £5,000 into a stable of trotting horses. Unfortunately, the horses did not trot quickly enough on the track, and soon the optimistic investor lost everything.

Another N.S.W. Lottery winner worked out the scheme that, if he systematically invested his first prize in more lottery tickets, he should be able to clean up a sizeable fortune. Unluckily for him, Dame Fortune had other ideas. His £5,000 went — and quickly.

A lottery winner, who had planned for years what he would do if luck came his way, won £20,000. If he had followed his former vows, he would have invested the whole amount in his business. But

losing his head go, he gave his wife half of the prize, and spent the other half over a few years. His bank-account reached rock-bottom, and he settled down to a living wage and office hours again. And the other half of his fortune? His wife saved it up very safely, drew the interest and refused to touch a penny of the capital.

A Monsieur de Milleux of Paris was confident that his little cloth business could expand out of all proportion if only some banker would sink a sizeable amount of money into it.

He tried, unsuccessfully, for years to interest someone in the venture, and finally, when he had almost given up hope of expansion, he won first prize in a French lottery.

Immediately, he lost his head. He bought yachts, cars, and an expensive home. He embarked on a five-year orgy of spending, until he suddenly realised that his fortune was gone.

What was even more alarming, he was heavily in debt. All he could do was sell everything he had, to avoid being imprisoned.

Psychologists who have studied this urge to throw away money as soon as you win it, explain that it is a subconscious fear that the whole happening is not true.

You merely try to transfer the gold at the bottom of the rainbow into material things before it disappears. In other words, you would rather throw away your fortune on pleasure, than use it for the betterment of your future. You regard the whole thing as an excuse for celebration, and the hang-over is lengthy.

Over 1,500 people have won the N.S.W. State Lottery during the last fifteen years, but it is doubtful whether the money enabled many of them to reach a position of permanent betterment. Yet, each of those prize winners must have sighed for wealth before their stroke of luck, and astutely resolved to build it into a pillar of independence . . . if they ever got it.

The knack of grabbing an opportunity is needed even after the cheque is safely in your pocketbook. Too many people miss it.

A woman who won the substantial first prize of £12,000 in the Tasmanian "Tatt" decided that she would divide her win equally between her three sons. Each of them was in business. Each of them had often spoken of what he would do if he were ever lucky enough to win some money.

Their mother handed over her prize in good faith, and waited for results. Son No. 1 bought a race horse with part of his money, aiming to win the Melbourne Cup. His horse broke a leg and had to be destroyed, and he bought another. Finally, he became obsessed with the idea of running a racing stable and spent his whole share on the venture. Unfortunately, it failed.

Son No. 2 bought his protesting mother a beautiful home and hired a couple of maids for her. He also did the same for his wife. He overlooked the fact that a man needs more than capital to keep up an elaborate home. In a few years, both houses were on the auction block.

Son No. 3 might have done well, if he had not been tempted to put

over half his winnings on the stock exchange. Not knowing the ropes, he bought the wrong shares, and £2,000 of his portion went down the drain. He tried to salvage the rest of it, but it was absorbed into his business too quickly to show any real effect.

"What would you do if you won the lottery?" has been a popular question for years. Invariably, as joke, you string off a list of luxury lines which you would take pleasure in purchasing, but deep down, you treat the matter seriously, and insist that you would make good use of your luck.

People have been winning lotteries and throwing away their luck-money since the Middle Ages. Even in those days, men lost their heads over a sudden swing of latest cash and flung it away on the most fantastic schemes and ideas. Oh they squandered it on pleasure and soon became poor again.

One of the first men ever to win a lottery in Florence, Italy, gave half of it away to his envious and grateful friends, and spent the rest on wine. He probably kicked himself for the rest of his life.

A state lottery run by Queen Elizabeth, was won by a Mr Thomas Bartholomew, who, according to history, was "so dumfounded that he lay in a coma for several weeks." At the end of that time, instead of making his presence felt in London, he was quickly felled by his creditors. A few months later, Mr Bartholomew was found dead from starvation in his attic.

Similarly was the case of Mr. James Culvert, who won the first £20,000 prize ever drawn in

an English lottery. He died in extreme poverty in 1799.

The world over, thousands of men and women look back upon their last opportunities and wish they could have their luck over again.

But there are always exceptions to the rule, and perhaps the most outstanding exception to the rule of post-lottery misfortune, is the story of Mr. Harry Brakara, a Sydney business man.

Mr. Brakara owns a cane shop in Castlereagh Street, Sydney, and frequenters of the store know that it is full of good luck charms, four-leaved clovers, rabbits' feet, billikins, Badilina, and horseshoes.

These may or may not bring Mr. Brakara luck, but the fact is that he has steadily been winning lottery money for years.

The father of the Brakara family won a lottery worth £5,000 52 years ago. Harry himself has won a Tasmanian consolation worth £12,000, has been a share holder in a N.S.W. State Lottery first prize, and other State Lottery placings include two seconds, three

thirds and four fourths. Smaller prizes no longer excite him.

He refuses to bet or have anything to do with races, because "they are not in his sphere of luck," and yet, a few months ago, he advised his brother, Raphael Brakara to buy one. The brothers searched through a yearling catalogue, found the horse, bought it, and called it Castlereagh, after Harry's shop.

At first the trainer, Pat Nulton, had little hope of the horse winning a race, but suddenly he "struck form," and later won.

Although Mr. Brakara has already won over £40,000 in lottery prizes alone, his luck shows no signs of turning. Fortunately, he has invested his money so scrupulously that he will always be a wealthy man.

But in the majority of cases, Dame Fortune smiles and shakes her head when men cry out for another chance. Big luck comes very seldom in the pile of an ordinary individual . . . if ever.

But if it does come, it does little permanent good unless you are made of very uncommon clay.



WILL WE KEEP THE

DAVIS CUP?



This year, Australia will attempt to win the Cup for the eighth time.

JACK CRAWFORD

IN September, 1939, Australia became the Champion Nation of tennis. For six years, the responsibilities bestowed on us by the title have been in abeyance, but now, with the war won, we are preparing to accept challenges from the nations of the world, again to compete for the Davis Cup, the most coveted trophy of tennis.

And to come straight to the point I don't think we need be concerned about the renewal of competition; for I am confident, at this stage, that when all the shuffling of the tournament is over, we will keep the Cup.

As the Champion Nation, Australia has, in effect, become the arbiter of tennis, for it is the responsibility of the title-holder to promote all arrangements associated with the competition. Her duties are onerous, because apart from the set of regulations devised along general lines, all decision regarding the competition shall take place in accordance "with the Laws and Regulations of the game for the time being sanctioned by the Champion Nation."

Our first step was the formation of the Committee of Management—a body which is appointed annu-

ally by the Lawn Tennis Association or corresponding organization of the Davis Cup holders.

The Committee will make arrangements for any preliminary ties to be played in this country, and has power to dispute to others the making of arrangements in other countries. The decisions of Australia in respect of such arrangements is final.

By the first Monday of this month, the secretary of the Australian Lawn Tennis Association will have received notice from those nations which intend to challenge, and on the following day, the Committee of Management will have made the draw.

It will immediately notify the result to the competing nations—informing also the grounds on which matches will be played and the latest date by which they will be decided. Should the Tie be undecided by the fixed date, both sides will be liable to be scratched, unless Australia is of the opinion that the delay was unavoidable.

It would be impossible, of course, for any nation to become completely autonomous in ruling world tennis, and the challenging nations are governed broadly by 21

Regulations for the International Lawn Tennis Championship. But in the event of any country failing to conform with the regulations, the Committee of Management possesses the power to disqualify its representatives for that year.

The winners of each preliminary Tie subsequently notify the result to Australia by telegram, which is later confirmed by letter.

Thus, by virtue of its possession of the Davis Cup and the associate title of the Champion Nation, Australia will be responsible for the success of the 1946 competition.

By most of us, the true success of the competition will be judged on how our own representatives fare.

This month, we will know from which nations challenges will come. Japan, obviously, will not be a challenger. England and America are almost certain to attempt to win the Cup, and if we should lose it, it will probably be to one of these nations. But I don't think we will.

England has had little opportunity for competitive tennis—a situation which applies in lesser measure to other nations. America has been comparatively fortunate; we know that throughout the war she has never lost sight of the fact that, some day, Davis Cup matches would be resumed.

Walter Pate, whose ability has always meant a great deal to American tennis, has been persistently seeking coming players, with the result that a steady stream of good players is assured for future years.

Whilst Parker, Schroeder and

Talbert may provide the back of the American side, it is possible that they will be supported by outstanding young players in Herbert Flam, National junior champion, and Buddy Behrens, whose hard driving has caused Bill Tilden to rate him the best player of his age. Behrens is sixteen—an age at which international experience is invaluable.

Now let's look at our own players: Bromwich has been defeated by Palle. But far from being a bad portent, his defeat has added to our hopes of success.

Bromwich, I think, despite his absence from tennis whilst on Army duties, is still more than a match for most of the other nations' hopes. He is, moreover, tremendously keen to bring his game to an even higher pitch of proficiency than before the war. I feel that Bromwich will be our greatest standby in the coming Davis Cup matches.

That is why I see in Palle's defeat of Bromwich in the N.S.W. championships the promise that our singles players will be particularly strong.

Palle, unlike most top-ranking players, did not attain tennis maturity quickly; he has reached championship standard the hard way—by battling in inter-district competitions, and in tournaments in which first-class players were not always represented. Because of this, he has developed a fine all-round game, and now that he has established himself in championship tennis, he is determined to stay there. He has the ability, and he has the temperament. Palle's performance in the Australian cham-

**A STORY WITH A MORAL FOR CULTURAL WIVES
WITH HUSBANDS WHO'D RATHER STAY AT HOME**

Now, Mrs. Smythe is by nature cultural,
Though in appearance slightly vultural,
While Mr. S., whose man is quite pleasant,
She blantly accused of being a peasant—
The result of his failing to hide a yawn
When viewing *L'opéra with d'auz fau*
A bitter indictment, an unfair comment,
On a spouse who regularly brought home the rent
And while she thus gave love its sepulture,
He went in for opibulture
And now while she rights to her art devotes,
He proves he's a peasant by sowing wild oats.

—WGD

plushings proved beyond doubt that there are few players in the world who could defeat him. Bromwich, to my mind, is without doubt the greatest singles player in the world — yet at one stage of the Adelaide final Paoli appeared to have the match in his keeping.

Moreover, Paoli showed that by his attribute which wins championships — the refusal to allow himself to be overawed by the occasion. I would like to see him gain, now, the experience which only comes by playing against the champions of other nations. The LTA may give him this opportunity before the Davis Cup match.

Quist, of course, is an automatic selection amongst the four men who will represent Australia, and we all know that he is the caliber to be successful in any company.

What of the fourth place? Geoff Brown has good prospects, and so has Brodie, who defeated both Brown and myself in the N.S.W. tournament.

Bromwich and Quist again proved themselves the best doubles pair in Australia, and — basing my observations, of course, on the limited information available from overseas — I do not think that they will be troubled to win the Challenge Round doubles.

Thus, in Bromwich, Paoli and Quist, we have perhaps the three outstanding singles players in the world, and in Bromwich and Quist the best doubles pair. Incidentally, in the event of either of the latter men being unavailable for doubles matches, Schwartz would be a worthy substitute.

The virtue of the Challenge Round will probably be Mel-

bourn, the last Challenge Round on our home courts being played in Sydney in 1920. Overseas players have inevitably found Australian players considerably harder to defeat when in action on our home ground, and the fact that he is playing to his own people gives a man a psychologically comforting feeling.

Therefore, to sum up, Australia appears to have an excellent chance of retaining the Davis Cup.

My years in tennis have taught me to avoid being angry or dogmatic in tipping any man or any nation to be successful, but I do think that we can approach the Davis Cup Competition of 1946 with high hopes. After all, our side, on paper at least, looks as good as it did in 1939, and the addition of Denny Paoli urges me to believe that it is even stronger.

It is a *fakings team* — and believe me, Davis Cup tennis demands a lot from a man's capacity to fight back. Bromwich and Quist

now to the occasion magnificently in 1939, at a time when it appeared that the Cup would again be dunked in America. It is satisfying to know that the same dogged spirit will again be there this year.

Australia's record in the Davis Cup should serve as an inspiration to our representatives. The sixth nation to enter for the competition, she surprised the world by defeating Austria at her first attempt. That was in 1905, and in the years between then and 1946, she has achieved the title of Champion Nation seven times. America leads the list with 12 wins, followed by the British Isles with nine, France has succeeded in gaining the cup on six occasions.

It is a fine record for a nation of such a small population. One thing is certain: the men who are chosen to represent this country in 1946 will — win or lose — ably uphold the traditions Australia has built in 40 years of Davis Cup tennis.



"little flower"

Harry Yates, one-man sociological clinic, is a crusader by nature.

W G DELANY



THE little, timid lady looked out of place in the offices of the radio studio. As she walked along the third corridor, she kept glancing at the door numbers. At Room 512 she stopped and tapped softly. The door was opened by a man of about 45.

"Mr. Yates?" she asked.

The man nodded and asked her in. Her story was not new; her only son was in the Army, and although he was a good boy, he hadn't altogether kept out of trouble. He was even now in a detention camp — sentenced to 90 days and discharge.

This wasn't the first time he'd run foul of authority, and as a result of his misdeeds, her allowance had been stopped. Her rent was overdue, and she owed the tradesmen money. Could Mr. Yates help her?

Although he'd heard the story often, it was still one which worried him. To assist the old lady would, perhaps, encourage her son to ignore his responsibilities. Yet

if her story were true, he felt that he could not refuse help.

Two minutes later, the two were seated in Yates' car, and soon he was interviewing the landlady.

The story checked. So did the stories of the butcher, the baker, and the milkman. The Military Finance Army Office, to which the old lady accompanied him, confirmed the facts of the son's desertion.

So the baits of Harry Yates' cheque book indicated yet another of his good deeds. In his diary was a note to call on the son when he came home. From that interview, it was likely that the son would emerge a chastened man.

Thousands of such cases have been brought to Yates. Self-appointed, he has become, by medium of his Sunday afternoon radio "Diggers' Session," adviser to numberless servicemen and their dependents.

More than thirty years ago, Harry Yates was selling newspapers at Enskineville (N.S.W.),

to earn a few shillings to help his widowed mother. She died when he was nine, and young Harry immediately shook the city's dust from his bare feet to go bullock-driving at Boggabri. So small that he had to stand on a box to yoke the bullocks, he was a natural to become a jockey. He did, and made enough money from racing to have a healthy bank balance by the time he was 14.

Before he was 15 he was in Palestine with the Seventh Light Horse as despatch rider to Sir Granville Ryrie. Back in Clive Street, he found that his pre-war savings, plus his deferred pay, amounted to £6,000 and that he was ready to settle down to a mandarin existence.

Under Vocational Guidance, he learned to be a tailor, and within a year was partner in a big tailoring firm. To this day, he looks a little dazed when he recalls that his job and his savings disappeared overnight.

At 20 years of age, Harry Yates was bankrupt, with no other asset than the knowledge that you don't get anything by sitting on your pants and wishing.

Next day, he began to sell classified ads. for a Sydney daily. His pay envelope for the first week held £10/2/2, and he was again on the way up.

During the war, he had developed a gift for telling a story, and he began to turn it to advantage. He wrote a monologue for a soldiers' session and the company challenged him to read it in person.

He accepted, and a year later was conducting the show himself. Then the session sought mostly to

entertain, but Yates was a crusader by nature. He had seen returned soldiers hawking beer-tins in pubs, watched them fight for pensions; had seen war widows ejected from their houses — and he determined to make radio his weapon to fight their cause.

Almost crude in his aggressiveness, he ranted, caajoed, accused, and complimented — but listeners continued merely to tune to his session for entertainment. His show wasn't particularly good — in fact, it was, and still is, referred to as being "coray". His rough, direct method of delivery and slight illiteracies — a legacy of his paper-selling days — embarrassed pedants and sometimes embarrassed station executives most.

But undoubtedly, "The Diggers' Show" had an audience — perhaps the biggest audience of any Sunday afternoon feature.

With World War II, his bitterness began to have effect. He received scores of letters accusing him of being an exhibitionist, of using the session to exploit his own ambitions. He didn't ignore those, but went on the air to read the letters and answer them in biting phraseology.

His appeals weren't always received with enthusiasm, as this typical letter signifies:

"Dear Mr. Yates,

Does it not occur to you that your request for cigarettes for the troops are more or less for yourself and not for the troops? Your request today has amused me somewhat, for I know what a heavy smoker you are, and to use the name of the troops is rather flimsy, don't you think?

DR. WELLINGTON KOO, the Chinese diplomat, was once the guest of a distinguished politician. His nearest neighbour, wishing to break the ice, but very much aware of his shortcomings in the Chinese language, leaned across and said: "Take care, said!"

Dr. Koo nodded. A few minutes later, he rose to address the gathering. His speech was brilliant, and delivered in flawless English. At its conclusion, he turned to his neighbour and said: "Take speech?"

his session to the accuser and maintained a tirade against him throughout. Next morning, stout, executive weight flung for a slender wit. None arrived.

His mail of 200 letters weekly brings requests for loans; pension problems; housing difficulties; seeks advice concerning jobs; the "tip-off" on racketeers (whom he subsequently interviews with the threat of publicizing their actions.)

His approach to the housing problem is blunt. From information received by mail and callers, he compiles a list of empty houses and broadcasts the details, reserving only the street address and owners' names. Home-seeking servicemen are told to ring the studio for further details.

His first such broadcast was made at 4:10 one Sunday afternoon. By 5 o'clock the switchboard operator had received 100 calls, and by Tuesday, the response had risen to over 3,000.

In five months, he has by this means found homes for 500 families.

Visitors to his office average 30 each day. A Merchant Navy man seeks a loan to return to his home town; an Army private is behind in his rent; a legless veteran of the first World War seeks a job; a blinded sailor applies for the money to buy a piano-accompanist with which to amuse himself.

Yates never lends money unless he is convinced that the need is genuine. When he does, he emphasizes the fact that non-repayment will affect someone else's chance of securing a loan, for his "loan-account" is used solely for that purpose. He lends between £30

and £40 weekly, and gets 60 per cent of it back. Defaulters do not get a second loan.

Yates' technique during his radio show is a mixture of good fellowship and a pathos which goes close to being bathos. His own monologues possess a saccharine flavor which sometimes causes the intellectual to shudder, but they are nevertheless effective.

Once, after reciting such a monologue — *Father Forgets* — a bit of doggerel concerning a house-tenant's uncharitableness to words his family — he received a visit from the managing director of a big organisation who, in his own words, had been in the habit of taking his steno home for the weekend. Two days later, Yates received a cheque for £100 from him. A statement of its expenditure was prepared after the money had been allocated by Yates, and was sent to the donor.

Yates is proud of his title, "The Soldiers' Friend," and frankly considers it justified by his part in the Wilson case. He is almost as proud

of his other title, "Public Enemy No. 1" — a name bestowed on him by landlords, racketeers, ex-planters of servicemen, various Government departmental heads, and people who refuse to believe that he is not a "professional cadger." He has admitted the latter unapologetically by accepting the term if it means that he is prepared to beg, borrow, or do anything short of steal the commodities which will lighten the burden of the soldier.

He has also been called a grandstander — and that he is. He plays to the gallery with the enthusiasm of his American counterpart, La Guardia, co-mayor of New York And like Fiorello, the "Little Flower," he has achieved a high place in the hearts of the small people.

But an audit of his personal affairs will reveal that in gaining that place, he has suffered financially. For since he undertook his task of being a one-man sociological clinic, his advertising earnings have dropped by almost 50 per cent.



The Fallacy of

Flogging

Criminals sentenced to punishment by whipping are rarely reformed.

FRANK S. GREENOP

AN Australian newspaper recently conducted a Gallup poll to get the feelings of their readers on the question of flogging law breakers.

There was a good deal of favor for the suggestion; for it came at a time when callous, vicious minded and reckless lawbreakers were making many people afraid of their property, if not their personal safety.

The admitted reason for suggesting that flogging be reintroduced is, of course, that it will act as a deterrent to would be criminals; psychologists report that, lurking below the surface they see an other and uglier motive, that of a desire for revenge, a wish to inflict pain.

Legal ritual is not much concerned with whether a punishment hurts a man, or affects his happiness; it exacts atonement for wrong done — and our civilized idea is that the punishment should not

only fit the crime, but prevent its repetition.

The strange thing is that facts here ran across the grain of our feelings and opinions — flogging, for all its painfulness, actually increases crime; of men who have suffered the terrible cat-o'-nine-tails, few, if any, have reformed, but many have become hardened in crime.

In 1833 Australia's Governor Macquarie knew that flogging was ineffectual in preventing crime, and wrote to Earl Bathurst about it: "If flogging is efficacious in preventing crime, it should have made the convict colonies the most virtuous places on earth, for the cat was in almost daily use in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land. The cat generally used was the ordinary military or naval cat; but the cat used at Macquarie Harbor was larger and heavier than that used generally for the punishment of soldiers and sailors.

It was called the thief's cat, or double cat-o'-nine-tails. It had only nine tails, but each of these was a double twist of whipcord and each tail had nine knots. It was a very formidable instrument indeed."

George Boxall, later describing this double cat in his History of Australian bushwhinging, added: "How far the influence of this barbarous instrument of torture tended to make the prisoners at Macquarie Harbor the most reckless and ferocious of the convicts of Australia it is unnecessary to inquire, but there can be no doubt that its influence was for evil and not for good."

And as if to prove that flogging was no half-hearted business, Boxall says: "It is said that there were two floggers in Sydney who were regarded as artists in their profession. These men performed together, one being right-handed and the other left. They prided themselves on being able to flog a man without breaking the skin, and consequently there was no blood spilled. But the back of the flogged man is described as having been puffed up like 'brown veal.' The swelling 'shook like jelly' and the effects were felt for a much longer period than when the back was cut and scored as it generally was, for we are told that the ground in the Barrack Square in Sydney, all round where the triangles stood, was saturated with human blood, and the flogging places elsewhere must have been in the same condition."

This early Australian whipping seems to have been of the severest kind — yet to Macquarie, as then Governor, and to Boxall, the his-

torian, it was apparent that it did nothing to lessen the rate of crime, but if anything increased it.

At widely separated intervals, before and after this record, there are other testimonies to the fact that flogging did no good.

During the reign of Henry VIII in England vagrancy became so prevalent that a law was passed making it punishable by flogging. During the period when this law was enacted, vagrancy actually increased. The increase was not due to any half-heartedness on the part of the law or of the executioners: the act provided that any vagrant detected in the act of begging should be haled to the nearest town possessing a market place and there tied to the end of a cart nailed, and beaten with whips throughout each market town or other place "till the body shall be bloody by reason of such whipping."

So spectacular was the failure of this savage law to achieve any good purpose that after about fifty years it was modified — an admission of its failure to do the very thing it was designed to do.

Coming forward to very modern times, figures were quoted in the British House of Commons relating to flogging as a punishment in Southern Rhodesia, where it is still extensively carried out. The House of Commons Reports for July 30, 1937, said that in Southern Rhodesia between 1931 and 1935 the number of floggings had increased from 418 to 722 — which is another way of saying that more people each year committed offenses for which flogging was the punishment — or in still other lan-

ALL'S FARE

Little Jesus Jones, whom this story is about, couldn't find her from love—a great embarrassment. The advent of an inspector brought a sudden flash of fear. Tell her, a goodly, lovely soul, bent and whispered in her ear. She nodded, and he kissed her long, without rebuff. Which, all things considered and without taking into consideration the moral side of the business and definitely not wishing to initiate a precedent for other girls who might lose their form here, or to encourage other inspectors to follow the example, was **fine enough!**

—W.G.D.

gauge, these crimes almost doubled over that period, although flogging was the punishment.

While these facts are clear enough evidence in total, it is interesting to excite personal examples to find the English Judge Mathews writing, "I believe that if a man has any good in him, and is punished with the cat, he is either for the rest of his days a broken-hearted man, or he becomes a relentless criminal," or Justice Hawkins: "You make a perfect devil of the man you flog."

George Ives, in his *History of Penal Methods*, records: "Some time ago I received a letter from an eminent criminal lawyer in Melbourne alluding to a prisoner who had five times been flogged for five separate sexual offences;—one practical instance of a flogging that did no good at all.

The Italian criminologist, Baccaria, summed up: "The very severity of a punishment leads men to dare so much more to escape it, according to the greatness of the evil in prospect; and many a man

are thus constrained to avoid the penalty of a single one."

It is one thing to find that flogging does not do what we wish (or even believe) it does; it is still another picture, however, to examine some of the results of flogging—and to do so, first take a typical case:

"When the offender was tied, or rather hung up by the hands, his back, from intense cold and the effects of previous floggings, exhibited a complete blue and black appearance. On the first lash the blood spurted out some yards and, after he had received 50, his back from the neck to the water, was one continued stream of blood. . . . When the poor fellow was taken down he staggered and fell to the ground. His legs and arms, owing to the intense cold and the long period they had remained in one position, still continued distended, and he was obliged to be conveyed to the hospital in a dolly, a kind of carriage in which sick soldiers are carried. The unfortunate one was shortly afterwards shot himself

in his barrack-room, in a sad state of intoxication, and was borne to his solitary pit and hurled in like a dog."

That description, given by John Shapp in *Flogging and Its Sake*, gives some idea of what the punishment of flogging is like; an other ex-soldier, in his book *The Autobiography of a Working Man* tells what it feels like to be flogged, having suffered the punishment himself:

"I felt," he says, "an astounding sensation between the shoulders under my neck, which went to my toenails in one direction, my finger-nails in another, and strong on to the heart as if a knife had gone through my body. . . . The time between each stroke seemed so long as to be agonising, and yet the next came too soon. . . . The officer finally felt as if his internal organs were bursting, and bit his tongue nearly in two to prevent crying out; then, "What with the blood from my tongue and my lips, which I had also bitten, and the blood from my lungs or some other internal part captured by the withering agony, I was almost choked and became black in the face. . . ."

His sentence was two hundred strokes; after the first hundred he was taken down, his back covered with a wet towel, and he was removed to hospital. Later he wrote, "I am now certain that, in almost every case of corporal punishment there are secondary symptoms; that the violence to the muscular or nervous system, or to both, or to some quality of the body, which is a misery to an unprofessional person like me, and probably so to

the professional, causes a diseased state of the fluids of the body, which disease takes an inward direction, sometimes settling on the lungs or other internal organs. . . ."

This thought is borne out by George Riley Scott, in his *History of Corporal Punishment*, when he says, "In numerous cases disease of a serious nature and even death itself may follow a severe flogging; and although in these modern days, under medical supervision, there is perhaps no risk to life itself, there may easily be induced certain disorders as a direct result of such floggings."

Scott continues: "Bad, however, as these effects are, the psychological effects in most cases are very much more serious. It is doubtful if flogging can even in any circumstances prove to be a reformatory agent. In this respect it fails with the professional and hardened criminal as it does with the first offender. The professional criminal cannot be reformed. Nor can the pathological case. In the case of first offenders not only does flogging, in time come out of men, fail to prevent a repetition of the offence, it nearly always succeeds in effectually training such a repetition. The very type of individual who is most likely to respond to treatment destined to bring about his reform is sure to be turned, by a dose of the cat, into an enemy of society, a bitter, disgraced, degraded outcast."

John Shapp, whose book has already been referred to, gives a very interesting impression as to how it feels to flog a man, acting as executioner: "From the very first day I entered the service, and for eight

GERTRUDE STEIN, whose writing style is as bewildering to most people, is also an eccentric dresser, usually wearing the dresses which are handkerchiefs. Recently, she arrived at her publishers late for an appointment. Her excuse was typical Gertrude Stein:

"I was here on time," she said, "but there's a dangerous agency in the looking. The dangerous agency depended on us at that hour. He thought I was a choreographer!"

years after, I CAN VENTURE TO ASSESS that, at the lowest calculation, it was my disgusting duty to flog men at least three times a week. From this painful task there was no possibility of shrinking. When the affliction is ordered to commence, each drum-boy in rotation is obliged to strip for the purpose of administering five-and-twenty lashes, counted slowly by the drum-major, with freedom and vigor. In this practice of stripping there always appeared to me something so unnatural, inhuman and butcher-like that I have often felt most acutely my own degradation in being compelled to conform to it. After a poor fellow had received about a hundred lashes the blood would fly about in all directions with every additional blow, so that by the time he had received 300 I have found my clothes all over blood from the knees to the crowns of my head, and have looked as though I just emerged from a slaughterhouse."

A study of the effects of flogging has shown beyond doubt that, by some curious chain of events, it often causes sexual excitation — not in the extremely severe cases of earlier times as much as in milder floggings and especially in the birching of children — which, by the way, is still a legal punishment for certain child offences under British law. In respect to the birching of children as a punishment for crime it has been observed (see *Encyclopaedia Britannica*) that "the flogging, light or severe, which may be borne with equanimity or nonchalance by a child already introduced to a life of crime, may, in the case of a first offender, have psychological effects which can never afterwards be eradicated. The danger, in all cases, is that the infliction of corporal punishment will create sublimeness, hypocrisy and cunning where these did not previously exist, and that it will develop or extend these undesirable characteristics in all instances where they already do exist."

When people have been hurt by other people, the primitive revenge reflex inspires them to hurt in return — not that it makes good the damage done by the crime, but that it gives to the avenger a certain sense of satisfaction that he has retaliated.

Last it should be thought that flogging is the only severe punishment which does not serve its purpose of limiting crime; it might be mentioned that hanging has never been shown to be a deterrent of murder; in Australia's early days pickpockets worked among the crowds watching the execution of

a man who was being hanged for picking pockets! And those countries which have abolished capital punishment have no larger total of crime, per capita, than those which still hang or electrocute.

It would be impossible to state, for instance, that capital offences have increased in Australia since hanging was abolished by Labor Governments.

Nevertheless, as crime occurs — and as, at the present time, it increases — it is undeniable that

something has to be done.

A study of the experience of many centuries is convincing proof that the first primitive suggestion, "Flog 'em!" is not the answer. "Crime is a challenge to the community, and to its administrators."

It cannot be suppressed by violence; it has to be created by concentrated study which goes back to the causes, as they exist in society, in living conditions, in the levity of the moral standard.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



Personally Speaking

LORD HALIFAX, British Ambassador to Washington, has spent \$14,000 adding a 600-acre estate to his already sizeable holding in Yorkshire.

LEOPOLD, King of the Belgians, nominally, moved from Strébi, Austria, to Switzerland. Swiss Government laid down a condition that he refrain from political activity.

SIR BERNARD SPILSBURY, scientific sleuth who has brought many a murderer to book, stood in the dock of a London police court after his car hit a horse and trap, and paid a £2/19/8 fine for dangerous driving.

FELIX SALTEN is an unknown name to the people who enjoy him most. He created "Bambi", which Walt Disney brought to film fame. Salten's stories have been translated into 28 languages. A refugee from Nazi Austria, he died in Switzerland recently, 36.

DR. JACK NEVILL is pastor of Hollywood's Fellowship of God Church. Neighbors complained of the noise made at prayer meetings. Nevill promised to have the Church soundproofed.

BARONESS ORCZY created the Scarlet Pimpernel, who was an expert at getting out of trouble. She has just come back to England, at the age of 77, having been caught in France during the war. No Scarlet Pimpernel aided her: the RAF bombed her home, which was next door to Gestapo Headquarters, Monte Carlo.

PETER COLLINS, of London, confessed to being an impostor. At 19 he had masqueraded as an American soldier, and had stood on his story until threatened with a truth serum.

WILL HAYS, who made the Hays Office, said how long a screen kiss would last, how much leg could be shown, what winks were bad. After 25 years as guardian of Hollywood's celluloid morals he has retired. The wages of virtue-watching were £37,500 a year.



Right: Here is power . . . a haven shaded by green trees and bordered by blue waters . . . a place where Man, in old days, can live in affinity with Nature.





Passing Sentences

The 25 years between 30 and 40 are the most interesting of a woman's life.

The difference between in-laws and outlaws is that in-laws promise to pay it back.

A sweater is a good investment for a girl: she gets out of it what she puts into it — and draws a lot of interest as well.

A girl might wear a swimsuit and not swim, or shorts and not play tennis; but when she puts on a wedding dress she means business!

Post-war plan for clothing is a suit with two pairs of pants — one for the husband, and one for his wife.

Intuition is the gift which enables a woman to arrive instantly at an infallible conclusion without the aid of reason, judgment or discussion.

Money does not always bring happiness. A man with ten million pounds is no happier than a man with ten million.

It's an ill wind that blows a saxophone.

One word above all others that makes marriage successful is "cure."

A man usually lends a soft job the hard way.

Wanted, to solve the housing problem — fewer planners, more backlayers.

Then there is the girl who gets a man wound around her little finger . . .

We all leave footprints on the sands of time. Some leave the imprint of a great soul — others just the mark of a heel.

Left: *Jus de vivre?* Spirit of youth? No matter what inspiration prompts this little lady to display such exuberance, she surely makes a pretty picture. *Lawrence College Photo.* ✕

It's FUN To Be Fooled



The hoaxer does not always take into account people's sensitivities.

FRANK DUNCAN

THE hoaxer is always amongst us. Now and then he gives the world a laugh with his eccentric activities, or disgraces it with his indelicate heartlessness.

The prankster who sent theatre invitations to a number of bald-headed men had a sense of humor as well as enterprise. When the men were seated, it was seen that the spots had been so selected that the bald heads formed the letters of an advertisement for some well-known hair restorer.

In a different category — that of the cruel-brained, irresponsible who goes to any length for a laugh — was Fred A. Lucas, who gave pedestrians and motorists incipient heart failure when he released a prism at the top of a hill. The carriage careered madly down the footpath, and Lucas shouted to all and sundry to stop it, or his baby would be killed.

People seemed petrified. Women shrieked and fainted. Drivers stopped their cars. Old ladies were knocked over. Then a city of horror arose as the prism collided with a street harrow and crashed against a lorry, overturning and spilling out its baby — a plank of wood in a shroud.

Lucas had disappeared, but the police found him, put him behind bars, and told him to laugh it off.

Phineas T. Barnum, who called himself the Prince of Humbugs, was a master of hoax. His facility for appreciating the value of the effect of an association of ideas was well shown when he engaged a Negro violinist to appear at his famous Museum in New York. Though a huge poster showing the fiddler was posted up outside, people didn't seem interested, and receipts didn't improve. Barnum thereupon had the poster pasted on

the wall upside down, and people, knowing of Barnum's ability in getting hold of all sorts of freaks, poured in to see the fiddler who played while standing on his head. Barnum scathed their disappointment by showing the carelessness of the man who put the poster up.

Barnum was swindled and hoaxed himself many times. A man interested him in a cherry-colored cat. When Barnum saw it the cat was the color of cherries, all right — but black cherries, not red ones. Barnum said that the trick was worthy of himself and fooled his own friends with it.

With a forged birth certificate and other documents a minor showman sold to Barnum Joice Heth, said to be George Washington's cousin and 161 years old. So completely was he taken in that he went on, he says, perpetrating the fraud on the public. An autopsy revealed that Joice Heth was not more than 80.

In 1931 all Melbourne was reading advance publicity about the coming of Donkey Dave. It was one of the peculiarities of the depression. There was nothing for Dave in the bush, so he decided to see whether he would fare better in the city. Everybody waited for him as if a Royal Prince himself were coming.

As Dave, his family, and thirteen donkeys, which he said he had driven all the way from Alice Springs came through towns en route, hundreds lined the sidewalks. When the cavalcade arrived in Melbourne thousands turned out for the welcome. Newspapers gave the entry big headlines.

The entourage, donkeys in

cluded, was booked at \$100 a week at the Tivoli Theatre, and there Donkey Dave made his personal appearances, to the delight of audiences.

Then some smart fellow thought he recognized in Dave a likeness to a man who, some months before, ran a peanut stall in Flinders Street. Investigation revealed, amid a hailstorm of newspaper indignation and public laughter, that not only was Dave a most fictitious hawker, but an old Melbourne showman who knew every trick of the trade!

All Dave Royal said was: "I did what I set out to do: I gave the whole State something to laugh about and proved that a good showman can get away with anything and make a bit of money for the wife and kids even in the middle of a depression. And when I put the result of the trip into Mum's hands and went with her to buy some new things for the kids I was more than satisfied."

But a greater hoax duped Melbourne when the film *Trader Horn* was showing at the Princess Theatre. Most fans will remember Prince Tomate of that film, the man who was said to have guided the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Gloucester on their big game hunting safari in Africa. It was also known that Tomate had nine wives and fifteen sons, apart from numerous daughters.

Publicity said Prince Tomate was in Melbourne; as a prize for his acting in *Trader Horn* his producers had sent him on a world tour.

Thousands of people asked Prince Tomate about Hollywood and its stars. He answered through

IN experiments conducted by the General Electric Company of America it was learned that in the sound intensity of their respective calls the elephant was only one decibel behind the lion. The sound level meter used in the tests makes no allowance for different pitches, registering only the strength and volume of the sound.

The Bengal tiger, usually considered second only to the lion, could only register 59 decibels, while the apparently feeble hippopotamus surprised by bellowing the needle to 90 decibels; the giraffe's performance of 71 was shown up by that of the canary, which registered 77 decibels.

The experiments were made at a circus, and third in the line (110 decibels) and the elephant (108) was the circus spruiker with 900 decibels.

an interpreter specially provided for him. Tomate never shook hands in the accepted way. He would take the thumb of an extended hand and jiggle it, all the time bowing and speaking an obscure dialect, which was translated for the hearer.

Hundreds watched him as he came out of his hotel in Collins Street, pointing him out, and telling how he always carried his treble Ju Ju with him, even to bed and bath. When Prince Tomate was taken to the Zoo he showed utter repugnance at the lions eating dead meat.

"Bah!" he exclaimed in his lingo, which the interpreter translated, "Shooa kill his own meat. Let him kill when he hunch."

The Prince wanted to know when the Zoo's baby hippo was to be distributed for eating to the public. Hootenaw asked the prince to tell functions, and a number of well-known business men once invited him to dinner, discussing with him, through the interpreter, his views on current affairs.

Prince Tomate was none other than Joe Thana, an Abyssinian, who could speak perfect English, and was an accomplished stage actor, and boxer who, in 1904, won the heavyweight championship of Australia. Joe is often to be seen in Sydney streets, dressed in distinguished striped blazer, hard hat and sporting a cane, his body perfectly symmetrical, his features classically carved.

Joe said: "I muttered gibberish well. All the Melbourne daily papers fell for the hoax. Even the most conservative of them gave me a half column interview on the leading page. I have the newspaper cuttings still and often look at them and laugh."

The malicious sods, without consideration for the feelings of others, are numerous. A favorite hoax in America is the telephone stunt where a moronic jester, reading of marriage and engagement notices, rings up a prospective bride to tell her her fiancé has been killed in a street accident, or (during the war) overseas. Such "jokes" have

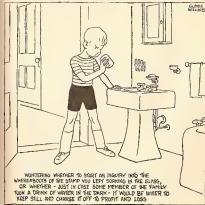
resulted in hysteria and even tragedy before the fake was discovered.

For eight years a vicar in England was persecuted by a hoaxer. The hoaxer would advertise that the vicarage was to be auctioned, and hundreds of people would turn up on the sale day.

He also delighted in sending orders to scores of dealers at the one time, asking them to deliver on a certain day a baby's cot, or a bird cage, to the vicarage.

The vicar, on the verge of a nervous breakdown, had to face caller after caller with bird cages and cots and try to explain to irate tradesmen that he had never placed the orders.

When the culprit was finally caught, he said he had no grudge against the vicar, and, in fact, did not know him personally, but had merely picked him up haphazardly as a butt for his hoaxes. All in all, the practice of hoaxing is not conducive to firm friendships.



SO THE FUTURE

Frightens YOU!



LEE HARTFORD

Youthful discouragement contributes to failure in adulthood.

THE high-school teacher had a bright idea. He asked his class to write a plus-mark on a slip of paper if their parents generally gave them encouragement, and a minus-mark if it was usually discouragement. When he counted the slips, the minus-marks predominated. Most of them were large and bold . . . made with evident feeling. The plus-marks, in contrast, tended to be faint and uncertain.

The experiment led the way for a pep-talk which opened with text: "Discouragement starts with parents and teachers." It was a lecture which should be read to every youngster setting sail into the world. Thus warned, there might be more successful citizens and less wash-outs.

Every generation has to listen to the prophets of doom. They hear that there are not as many opportunities as there used to be. That there is going to be a long depres-

sion and subsequent unemployment. That they will be lucky to make a bare living. Perhaps they are even told to their faces that they will never succeed.

Encouragement is a closely hoarded commodity. Discouragement comes from all sides, and beats many people before they even start.

A teacher sent a six-year-old lad home with a note to the effect that schooling would be wasted on him — he was "too stupid to learn." Young Tom Edison proved that the teacher was wrong.

In France, a youngster named Honoré was discouraged by his teachers. "We can't do a thing with him. He will never amount to anything," they said, "because he goes around in a mental coma." But that mental coma made it possible for Honoré de Balzac to become a figure in world literature.

Sympathetically, most crippled

children receive encouragement to succeed, but not so a young lad in Scotland many years ago. He was crippled with infantile paralysis, and he not only received little encouragement from his teachers, but also scant sympathy. They called him a dunce and a dreamer. They predicted a hungry future for him. His name was Walter Scott.

People in Arbois, France, felt sorry for their tanner. His son, Louis, was not only shy and timid, he was considered stupid as well. Boys in the village laughed at him and threw stones at his back. Consequently, ashamed and chastened, his parents scolded and whipped him. This "stupid" son of the tanner was the great Pasteur, who discovered how to control anthrax, rabies, and disease borne by milk.

The great Pasteur had to fight against discouragement all his life. Sometimes, engulfed by opposition and condemnation, he almost gave up in despair. But something would help him to forget discouragement, and the trail, almost unthinkingly, now would forge ahead.

Many times he seemed almost on the brink of success, and something discouraging would turn up to try to defeat him.

It was only his determination to brush aside these hurdles that finally brought him glory and fame.

Discouragement and stinging words administered by parents to their children remain with them all through their lives.

After his son had failed in an examination, Charles Darwin's father shouted thoughtlessly:

"You will be a disgrace to your-

self and your family." Darwin was fifty years old before he could put this discouragement behind him.

To look at Leo Tolstol when he was a child, one would have thought him an imbecile. Thick lips, big nose, squat forehead, big flopping ears, and tiny, sunken eyes tended to make him repulsive to everyone who met him. People laughed at him, and his parents dreamed into his sensitive brain that his appearance would bar him from any kind of success.

Even these kind people worried their son about his unprepossessing appearance until he lived in agony of apprehension. Subsequently, he developed a crippling inferiority complex which clung to him throughout his life. And it was not only in his home that he received discouragement and insult.

"Leo is both unwilling and unable," his teachers said. Discouragement came so thickly into the ugly boy's life, that he even contemplated suicide at an early age.

Then he read a book that gave him encouragement for the first time. It was a book by Rousseau which glorified the dignity of the common man, and the inner beauty of external ugliness. It gave him new hope, and a shield which slowly thickened to ward off insults and discouragement.

Later, this unwilling, unable and ugly boy wrote some of the greatest novels of modern civilization, and became the prophet of a new Russia.

His brother, Sergei, pampered by the teachers in the willing and able brother, is now little remembered.

ART GIVES ALL FOR ME

Speak not to me of sordid gain,
My pen is lifted in the cause of art,
Know you that in my writings I obtain
A deep nobility within my heart.
And for my pearls, my Calligrapson fountains,
I ask not reward, say, twenty-quarzo surfings,
Good wines, porthouse, perhaps an odd cigar,
An occasional modest help of cancer,
Gave me these, and a pen-oke, unpurged of-
tention.
And from my art I'll gain sufficient satisfaction.
—WGD

Educationalists are reasoning us that in the new world, encouragement will be an essential policy of teachers. But there is no assurance that parents of backward children will treat their offspring along the same lines.

When John Keats was less than ten years of age, his parents laughed at him because he wanted to write poetry. They called him a "poet" and a "silly," and even locked him in his room. True, the poetry of John Keats was bad poetry, even for a genius, but proof of his greatness has spread around the world today.

When Peter Tchaikowsky narrowly mentioned to his father that he loved music and wanted to become a musician, the stern old Russian

shook his head, closed the subject, and sent both Peter and his brother off to law school in St. Petersburg. Here he worked hard enough at his studies, and even gained a certain distinction at examinations. But still, his heart was not in his work, and he yearned to break away from the stuffy classrooms and devote his whole life to his real love of music. It was only after a great deal of argument, years later, that he was allowed to join the Royal Academy of Music. Even here he met with discouragement, which seemed to dog him throughout his life. Although he overcame it enough to write prolifically, the mark of its tragedy shows clearly in his music.

The teachers of Paul Ehrlich almost deprived the world of a great doctor.

"Paul Ehrlich! What a Dummerkopf you are!" That is what his teachers told him.

The tone of the professors at Breslau medical school was different. "My dear young sir," they murmured graciously, "you cannot learn medicine. We advise you not to come back next term. It will save you much money."

So he went to the medical school at Strasbourg — and was such an admirable student, the professors thought, that he looked for still another place to study his beloved subject of medicine. He decided not to argue when the professors shook their heads again. His only real decision was not to be discouraged.

He went to Freiburg and Leipzig before he could finish his medical studies.

He had a superb aplomb, smok-

ing twenty-five cigars a day in the face of the professors' attempts to make him realize he was not cut out for such a distinguished career as medicine.

Yet, today, reading Paul Ehrlich's records, it seems hardly possible that so many brilliant professors could have been wrong about a sturdy student.

He discovered methods for staining tubercule bacilli and living nerves, so they could be studied under the microscope; he converted a common poison, arsenic, into a "magic bullet" which at last made possible the successful treatment of syphilis.

Fortunately, the professors were humble enough to eat their words. At fifty-four, diplomats and medical bigwigs solemnly gathered to present the Herr Doktor with a badge and purse.

The medical professors who had tried to discourage him at four universities must have blushed as he was awarded the Nobel prize. But Paul Ehrlich merely lit another cigar and mur-

mured: "I had one moment of good luck."

Actually, his real good luck was his supreme immunity from the discouragement of others; his inability to sink to depression.

Discouraging comments often come home to roost, and embarrass. Sometimes, they cause even more damage than a blash.

Your cautious outlook on your own future, and lack of dash and nerve is probably due less to logic than to discouragements you have caught from others.

Where, then, can you find this elusive, almost priceless thing that men call encouragement? You are too likely to find it from teachers, parents, or employers.

You may find it with special friends, but even this cannot be depended on.

Learn from the experience of Edison, Balzac, Scott, and Ehrlich . . . discard the pitfalls dug by others. About the only real encouragement that life has for you is your own determination to see it through.





MONEY

The Australian accent, says this writer, is a business liability.

JOHN LYALL

CASUAL speech is an Australian fashion. Many people pride themselves on it and regard their Australian accent as a sign of their democratic standing. In their hearts, they hate it. They would gladly speak correctly, but for fear of ridicule.

There seems an unspoken understanding that it is effeminate to use good English, yet those who consistently refuse to do so lose promotion, money and success.

A Government department some years ago contemplated sending a young man overseas to undertake a course of special training.

Applications were invited throughout the branch of the Service on whom the responsibility of choosing a candidate rested.

Finally, the applicants were weeded out until five men remained. Physical traits, intelligence, deportment, and all other factors were considered. The five young men were equal in all these things.

The officer faced with the final selection could not make up his mind. Only one could go — but which one?

He sent for the five. Each one entered his office separately. He

asked each man to go on a message. Four of the five were eliminated. They said: "Good-o." The fifth said: "Very well, sir." He went overseas, simply because he spoke correctly.

"Good-o" is a word which is in constant use. A dozen — a hundred times a day, we hear it. Why? Because the users are mentally too lazy to think of any other term. They are too lazy to speak correctly.

Here are samples of grammatical ineptitudes which must be outlawed from everyday speech if a good standard of English is to be maintained.

1. "You was."
2. "He don't."
3. "This here."
4. "Them people."
5. "More quicker."
6. "Can't hardly wait."
7. "Me and him."
8. "You must learn him."
9. "We done it."
10. "I sees him."

They are everyday errors, made by careless people who are unwilling to speak correctly.

Lack of education can scarcely be blamed in a country where

school attendance is compulsory. Outback children receive instruction by mail and radio.

The city school child is taught that *go* slowly is the correct thing to say. As he comes out of school, he sees a road sign: SCHOOL — GO SLOW. It is grammatically wrong, but there it is.

Common usage and brevity conspire to wreck the rule, but "go slow" still sounds bad in conversational use.

America has been conducting a survey to discover the grammatical standing of a large number of conversational expressions.

The National Council of Teachers of English, through a Professor of English at Wisconsin University, found that a number of "incorrect" expressions are now accepted as "correct." This may be so in America, but is not so in parts of the British Empire.

Here are 15 expressions which the American survey showed as established English:

1. It is me.
2. *Wh* are you looking for?
3. *Awfully* hot
4. *Go slow*.
5. *Pretty* good.
6. I wish I was.
7. To at least protect
8. *Can* I be accused?
9. Everyone was here but *they* all went home early.
10. There are some nice people here.
11. We only had one left
12. I've got to go.
13. A treaty was concluded between the Four Powers.
14. Invite whoever you wish.
15. He *hasn't* me.

These common errors are not un-

known in Australia, maybe partly because we hear American speech every time we go to the movies.

There is the story of the millionaire who permitted in saying, "It's me!" This disturbed the pedantic soul of his secretary, who explained that "It is I" was correct. The millionaire could never remember, so the secretary taught him a little jingle:

"It is I, it is I," said the spider to the fly."

After assembling this to himself for a few hours, the millionaire confessed that he still couldn't remember, for he was reciting:

"It is me, it is me," said the spider to the fly."

Until radio invaded our homes and the talking pictures our entertainment, the Australian accent did not worry us — in Australia. We knew now that we speak differently from the English. The Americans, who also speak English, have a distinctive type of speech.

In fact, in recent years, four U.S. Legislatures have moved to have *American* instead of English declared the official language of the States.

Each Christmas for some years prior to his death, King George V spoke to his people. There was a man who spoke pure, simple English in the way we all know and understand.

Correctness is not pedanticism — it is a matter of being right about simple things. The Bible will bear this out, for it is written in simple language that anyone may understand. In the days before education became compulsory, many a family learned how to read from its pages.

The speech of your child reflects home influence. After doing your best to make sure that the junior members of the family will not disgrace you, they listen to the radio. There they are enlightened by words wherein the characters speak in a series of inarticulate grunts.

They pore over comics in which the heroes are frequently illiterate louts whose language bears only the vaguest resemblance to English — is wrongly spelt, and often ungrammatical.

Those same "heroes" so capture the minds of the young readers that they pay their fictitious friends the highest possible tribute — they speak in the same ignorant manner.

All the work of home training and school goes for naught!

The B.B.C. began an experimental series of lessons in 1931. These were directed towards school children, and were an at-

tempt to standardise English under the title — *King's English*.

This series pointed out that certain standards were desirable in speech manners. Good or bad behaviour was not merely a question of deportment. Speech has good and bad manners, too.

Records showed that the normal improvement in child speech could be hastened by broadcast instruction. Further tests showed that broadcasting had immense potential values for correct speech training. They showed, too, that the spoken and written forms of English had little in common.

That is not surprising, considering the number of different accents spoken in Great Britain. There, six native languages are used — Welsh, Scots Gaelic, Erse, Manx, Cornish, and Scots — apart from English.

That experiment is being dupli-

cated in Australia by regular broadcast sessions.

From the Kindergarten of the Air to the broadcast sessions specially catering for older children, the accent is on correct speech.

In the 150 odd years of Australia's existence, we have produced some ten thousand new words which are distinctively Australian. Some of them have been born as a result of slang, some from slovenly pronunciation, and some, like 'Top o', 'just ground.'

A few of these typically Australian words and phrases may with justification be taken into our own language, from the point of view of originality.

Do you remember *live* through the Looking-Glass?

"When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said, in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less."

"The question is," said Alice, "whether you can make words mean as many different things."

"The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master—that's all."

We Australians could profit by Humpty Dumpty's rebellious spirit when the English language is in question.

During the war, measurements of instruments had to be exact. "Near enough" was not good enough when fractional accuracies was at stake. We should note that loosen to heart — slapdash speech is not good enough when our national reputation is at stake.

It is high time we ruled our language, and learned that correct speech is the only way to raise our standards; that, whether we like it or not, careless talk costs too plenty, in respect as well as in more concrete terms.



Children's PARTIES



(1) Before issuing invitations, it is wise to check the list to ensure that it contains: 1. The little girl with the running nose who will forget to bring her handkerchiefs. 2. The fat boy who will get sick through overeating and whose mother will accuse you of poisoning her. 3. The ten-year-old red-haired boy who will leave

scattered every girl's hair within 10 minutes. Whether you know it or not, they will be there anyway, and by inviting them in the first place you know how you alone.



(2) Food is an important feature of children's parties. The colour of it is of considerably greater importance than its taste-content. You will probably see the kiddies' enjoyment reflected in their faces.



(3) Having a party is a good way to keep the children happy, on occasion it even better, although harder to come by. If you can't have either, you're going to have saddle sores yourself the next day.

(4) Kist-in-the-Ring and Pastries' Knock are good games provided some of the little ones have brought their big sisters along. But no matter how many games you have up your sleeve, the children will enjoy none better than the moment your wife wakes up to you. (Friedland version)



(15) However, a children's party has its good side. After it's over and the little ones are asleep, the grown-ups can get together. And by midnight—whoops!—you feel like a kid yourself.

Medicine ON THE MARCH



FOR 25 years Bordet's vaccine has been injected into infants for a safeguard against whooping cough. Text books said it was so vital among themselves medicine agreed that it might, or might not do good — they didn't know. August last year three Oxford scientists, Allan McFarlan, Elisabeth Topley, Mary Fisher, reported that the percentage of treated children who lived against untreated ones who died was negligible, suggested the vaccine be shelved. A British medical writer said: "We suspect that Bordet's *kommophilus* is not the causal parasite of whooping cough . . ." After 25 years a mistake was cautiously acknowledged.

A NEW soap has been compounded to quicken the "scrubbing-up" process of doctors before operations. It contains a synthetic phenol, dihydroxybenzochlorophenyl methane (or simply G11) and is said to kill more germs in two minutes than ordinary toilet soap could account for in half an hour.

LARGEST cancer center in the world is Memorial Hospital, New York, a 12-story building which, in one year, treats 5,000 bed-patients and 14,500 outpatients. It has announced that a new 4,000,000 dollar (£1,300,000) grant will be spent on cancer research, including the building of another new cancer research laboratory. Funds provide uninterrupted research for the next ten years. The 4,000,000 dollar grant is the gift of the Alfred Sloan Foundation: Sloan, who is the head of General Motors, says that if research, as applied to industry is applied to medicine, so called incurable diseases may be conquered.

ELECTRIC current passed through the brain in such a manner as to keep a patient unconscious for seven minutes induces an "electric sleep" which is expected to cure insanity in split personality cases. It is claimed 76 per cent of cases so treated have been cured. No treatments resulted in death or further complications in the patient.

ACCORDING to an eminent British neurologist, stout people suffer a great disadvantage in tropical climates. Undergarments who do not sweat readily endure equal discomfort.



EDITH LIGGETT

CAREER GIRL OF

CRIME

She lived by thieving, but she couldn't steal the love of her children.

IF your mother were a pick-pocket and your father a sad-cracker, the chances are that you wouldn't have to look very far for a career. Sophie Lyons didn't. Crime was her birthright and she took to it like lambs to an egg. The fabulous Sophie turned out to be the most successful female knave in American history.

Versatile, Sophie accumulated skills as jewel thief, dip, black-matter, badger game operator and bigamist. She bore 13 children to her four husbands and abandoned them all. Strangely enough, she ended her spectacular career as an honored philanthropist. Yet, at the final curtain, despite her apparent success, Sophie realized that crime did not pay — for the one thing she wanted most was denied her.

The saga of Sophie begins in the gilded era when her Welsh father and English mother, one jump ahead of Scotland yard, slipped in to New York to launch their ragsopet on a career as pickpocket. Sophie was then only eight. Four years later her parents were down on their luck and considered selling her to a disorderly house. But when they consulted Maam Mar-

delbaum, a fence who served as liaison between the New York police and the thieving gentry, the notion was vetoed. "That child has brains," Maam decided, and took her into her own home, gave her the benefit of a governess.

Sophie blossomed. At seventeen she had a translucent skin, huge innocent gray eyes, a soft childish mouth, heavy black-black hair, an eye-catching figure. And a finishing-school education in the art and science of thievery.

Her first marriage was a brilliant match. Ned Lyons, handsome, red-headed, a topnotch safecracker, had served in the best gangs in Britain.

Respectably wedded, Sophie wanted position. In *Gaiety's Lady's Book*, she had read about ladies who drank tea instead of gin, ladies who lived in places like Roslyn, Long Island. So she rented a house there, hired a cook, coachman and upstairs maid, and exchanged calls with her neighbors.

Ned liked the suburban life. He was rolling up wealth by the illegal practice of blowing safes. But he believed it wrong to steal, so soon as he made a million — or maybe

he'd play safe and make a million and a half — he would retire and obey all ten commandments. Meanwhile, except when his profession took him out of town, Ned escorted Sophie to church every Sunday. And he subscribed to numerous societies.

Just as Sophie was beginning to get bored with Ned, the police picked him up for a big bank robbery. Ned was sent to Sing Sing for a five-year stretch, but he had his share of the swag — \$65,000.

Unperturbed, Sophie closed her Roslyn home and returned to work for Maam. For a while she stole jewelry in New York, Hartford, Brooklyn and Jersey City, receiving 25 per cent of the proceeds. One day in an opium parlor, she met an old friend, Kate Leary. Seeing up Sophie's good looks, Kate offered to put her own "something good." It turned out to be the badger game.

While it lasted, the racket was not only profitable, but provided Sophie with laughs. She loved it funny to entice a man to a hotel room — let him go just so far — and then, with the aid of her "husband," Red Mike Leary, rip the sucker for as much as ten thousand dollars — or else.

But one sucker wouldn't take it. He went to the police, arranged to trap Sophie. For the first time, she took a rap, and landed in Sing Sing, which then housed women as well as men. Sophie made the best of her bad luck, and managed to get a private room in the hospital ward, with meals equal to the warden's.

But Ned, over on the men's side of the wall, wasn't amused at So-

phie's mishap. When Maam came to Sing Sing to reconcile the couple she also talked to some of the guards, a \$15,000 conversation. In the next few weeks both Ned and Sophie vanished. They turned up next under the name of Island on a small estate in the exclusive Hamptons, on Long Island, where Ned's British accent and mannerisms were aped by his fascinating neighbors.

For five years, the Lyons, having lost their taste for prisons, led a quiet life. Sophie brought forth a son and two daughters who played with the adorning of upright citizens nearby. Then one fatal day, Sophie, to satisfy a whim, decided to see if her childhood skill at pocket-picking had gone stale. At a county fair, she grabbed a woman's purse. The woman screamed. Ned came to Sophie's rescue. Sophie accompanied off, but Ned was locked. Police recognized him from a "Man Wanted" poster, and back he went to stir.

At Sing Sing, some months later, Ned heard with horror that his children, abandoned and hungry, had been taken into custody by the county poor law guardians.

Sophie had simply gathered to herself a new husband, a good-looking swindler named Hamilton Brock. A lazy cuss, Hamilton demanded luxury — lebanese, well-matched driving horses, a box at the races. Sophie was a good provider, but she wouldn't touch her capital. Instead she worked back, at blackmail and thievery, especially jewellery snatching.

Then came the blow-up. Ned, out of Sing Sing, staged a gun battle with Brock. Net results

were four superficial flesh wounds for Ham, a broken jaw and an abdominal wound for Ned. Sophie was annoyed by the gun play. She decided to get rid of both her husbands. Ned she bought off with 30,000 dollars of his own money. Ham and the three children she hereupon were merely dropped for a third husband.

Number Three was unlike her previous stocky, red-headed counterparts. Jim Brady was tall, dark skin, a daylight bank robber. Sophie served as a lookout or in "casing" a bank, and the three Brady daughters she produced for him Sophie considered the loveliest of her whole brood.

Her allergy to prison life impelled her to try new worlds. Off she went, with Brock this time, to France, Russia, Spain and the Argentine, blackmailing and stealing diamonds as they went. There big mistake was in returning to America. Brock and his entire gang—except Sophie—were nabbed. Sophie, setting the underworld machinery rolling, learned she could spring Brock for \$100,000.

Was Ham, or any man, worth that much to Sophie? Sophie left Ham in a penitentiary and proceeded to marry young and hunk Billy Burke. The New York police announced that the moment Sophie set foot in Manhattan, she would be jailed. Offended, Sophie, approaching forty now, embarked for Paris, announcing to ship reporters that she wouldn't lend her presence to dirty, provincial New York.

After leaving Billy in a French prison (for some minor escapade), Sophie went on to London and Madrid. Five years later, in 1898,

in "Comtesse Stephanie d'Eschambourg" registered at the Waldorf in New York. The Countess (Sophie, of course) wore sables, and her square-cut emerald earrings, bracelets and brooches turned her gray eyes to green. Evidently the emeralds had something to do with modifying the police prohibition—she could remain in New York—if she stayed out of banks, department stores and jewellery shops.

At 60, Sophie's lips were bitter, her eyes had the hard look of the hunted criminal, but her complexion and figure were still good. Worth two million, distinguished in appearance, Sophie cast around for something to do.

Two of her husbands were dead; two were in prison. She loathed a few of her children, but none would speak to her.

So Sophie Lyons settled down to a career as a celebrity. Through an agent, she bought a 20-room house in Detroit. Then she announced to the press that she had seen the light: nothing more but peace with the Lord. Columns of newspaper were squandered on this strayed lamb who had returned to the fold.

The rest of Sophie's years were relatively eventless. She died, in 1921, a respected philanthropist.

The key to her life, and its ultimate frustration, lay in Sophie's will. Half of her huge estate she left to found a home for children of convicts. The rest she divided among her surviving and traceable children—most of whom refused to touch a penny of it.

For one thing remained that Sophie, queen of crime, could not steal: the love of her children.



"Here, straighten out your filing system with this"

WHAT I'D DO TO

PUBS



A constructive article on a topical and controversial subject.



MIKE was the owner of the pub, and he was not what you'd call a fussy type; but when that man was sick in the bar one afternoon, Mike said to the barman, "Throw him out, Tom, and park him in the side lane — drunks are a bad advertisement."

I had been behind the bar for just a fortnight, and after a reasonably sheltered home life, I was getting a shock treatment in daily doses. I was seeing for the first time the things which the law, by forbidding a woman to drink in bars, hides from womanhood as a class. For, come to think of it, how many women have any exact picture of the place where their men spend five till six?

It is most amusing to see women who have drunk in the lounge writing on the paper about what they think should be done in the bar — their chance of knowing is remote indeed; and because I have now been a barmaid for many years, I hesitate to express an opinion.

The words of my first boss — "a drunk is a bad advertisement" — have stuck in my memory, because they are so very true; and when you ask what I, as a barmaid, would do to pubs, I must retaliate first by asking, "Why do pubs exist at all?" and "Why are you dissatisfied with pubs as they exist?"

Of course pubs exist so that men can get a drink; but do you want the kind of pub which, like a milk-bar, you walk into, have a drink, and walk out — or do you want the club-pub, where a man can spend an hour, or a night?

I understand — there are always mosh-tweelled grocerians willing to tell me — that in England you can saunter down to the pub after the evening meal, have a pint of ale and a game of darts — and take your wife with you, and she will knit and talk to the wives of other men.

Well, now: is this the kind of pub-club you want? If you do want such pubs, I must ask you

—why? As I see it, and as it has been explained to me, the origin of such places in England is in the climate, which is not often conducive to staying outside.

In Australia the climate is one that invites freedom out of doors; and parlor games, such as darts, are not popular. I don't think the English pub club would go without the games and the seating and the general social life. And I don't think many of these things would be welcomed by Australian people.

So I come back to the question — what would I do with pubs? Well, I would confine them to being drinking places; and I would not try to give them the attractions of the club.

That being so, I come to the second consideration. As I'm satisfied that their present function is the correct one, I must ask, "Is there anything wrong with them now?" And I'm afraid the answer is, yes — quite apart from the beer shortage.

To me, as a barmaid, though the beer shortage has made working conditions unsatisfactory, it has been hard work while the "well bar" was on. But I feel that it has, on the whole, been a blessing to many people. Few, if any, of my regulars go without their drink; but many who used to stay for an hour and go out drunk, now stay for a quarter of an hour and go out sober.

Idealistic arguments about a man having what he wants and getting out, or about a man not drinking so much if he knows the pub will be open till ten in the evening, are all very well; but since I heard Mike say that drunks

are a bad advertisement, I have weeded in South Australian pubs when they stayed open till, if I remember rightly, nine o'clock at night; I have friends who pulled beer in Brisbane when "Time, gentlemen," was eight o'clock, and the consensus of our experience is, that we would not keep pubs open later than six.

I was working in one pub where, one night, the clock stopped. It was a quarter to seven when the local police urgent realised something was wrong and came in. We had been so busy in the bar that we hadn't noticed — and none of our customers had noticed, either!

No, I wouldn't keep pubs open later.

Nor would I allow shouting. It is a habit, as far as I can make out, peculiar to Australians, and one which runs away with more money than most men can afford. I know men who will not drink at all in pubs, because they have a sense of family responsibility, and know they can't afford the shouting that would be expected of them. So the drinking habit robs those men of the one or two drinks they would normally like.

And I do know many men who would stay in the bar overlong if it were not for the shouting habit. To say mind the theoretical question, "What about abolishing shouting and keeping the pubs open later?" Well, I don't propose to answer that question, because I don't believe it can be fairly asked, because I say that you cannot abolish shouting — the reasons are another story, but I know them, and I advance that as my opinion, borne of my experi-

crave, which is what I have been asked for.

I'm afraid this has all sounded negative; but I have my positive proposals.

The first is that bars, which are called public places, should be public — not hidden away from the street. A good deal of difference would immediately come about if there were big open glass windows and the bar room behaviour of the average drinker were open to inspection by passersby. For too long men have drunk and made themselves drunk, in secrecy — the very fact that passing women could look into bars would, in my mind, be the biggest reform movement that could be instituted.

In the second place I would enforce a rule that if a man left a pub drunk, the responsibility was that of the publican who owned the pub from which the man emerged in that condition. I am in a position to know that many times men have been sent out of the bar sober because of the wisdom of the barmaid who "did not see" the man who had already, she knew, had more than he could hold.

After all, it is drunkenness, not drink, that is the curse.

In the third place, I would provide seating accommodation in the form of stools at the bar or benches round the wall for the drinkers who wanted it.

In the fourth place, I would bring back counter lunch — not the turkey and gherkin kind of meal some pubs served before the war, which induced a man to have his midday meal in the bar, but the biscuit and cheese snack which is

ideal for accompanying a drink. It lifts drinking out of the "evil" class; it allows for the fact that at evening drink came most men have empty stomachs, and their drinks go better with a biscuit than without, from my observation.

Fifthly, I would not make the bar the only place where a man can get a drink. Even old stamps and coins over their value to the fact that they are hard to get — and drink is much the same. I firmly believe that a widespread drink-with-meals programme would immediately decrease the lure of the bar. And that is certainly, as I think I have made clear, the basis of what I would do to pubs.

All the shock treatments I have received as a barmaid have not convinced me that drink is a bad thing. I do believe, however, that its abuse originates in the stupid fashion we treat it. I believe the church service would be equally abused if it were conducted in secret for one sex only, if it kept men out of their homes, and if it were suspiciously regarded. Anything would become distorted under such ridiculous conditions.

If drink were widely served in restaurants and cafes, I have no doubt more drink would be consumed — and less drunkenness would result. This is probably the only civilized country in the world where the twin functions of eating and drinking are artificially separated — and then only for the majority of the people, for you know as well as I do that the privileged few who like to pay extortionate prices can drink at any hour, with or without meals, in "select" places.



"Now is that clear? You're in mix unobtrusively among the population . . ."

The astronomical increase of the National Debt is an indication that we will never revert to pre-war standards.

FREDERICK T. SMITH

THE PRICE OF CITIZENSHIP



NOT long ago a short newspaper paragraph intimated almost diffidently, and without comment, that the National Debt of this Australia of ours was now £2,639,963,000. Just a little matter of two-and-a-half thousand million odd!

To most people it was just a succession of figures — part of that awesome, incomprehensible realm where finance becomes fantasy and altogether too complex even to think about.

But the National Debt is more than just a string of figures. It's something which the financial experts of the Government keep thinking about all the time because it influences, in one way or another, all their major decisions for present proportions are clear-cut reason why things will never be the same as they were before the war.

The National Debt, in a loose

way, might be comparable with the overdraft which a company gets from a bank when it is in the throes of expansion. But while a company at some stage discharges its debt and becomes a compact productive unit, or goes bankrupt, a young country goes through generations of expansion before it becomes wealthy enough to become a lender instead of a borrower.

Before 1911 Australia didn't have a National Debt. Federation was little more than ten years old. The States had been conducting their financial affairs in watertight compartments, levying their own postage charges and customs duties and jealously guarding their financial rights even to the extent of exchanging real fighting words as Victoria and New South Wales did over customs duties.

All the colonies had debts accumulating, but they weren't very big debts . . . New South Wales

had started the Government borrowing practice in 1842 when the Colony was having growing pains, but the money came from inside the country, and it wasn't very much as Government loans go.

Victoria also raised a local loan in 1854, and it wasn't long after that all the colonies had exhausted the local money and were looking for more in London.

After Federation the Commonwealth took over some of the State debts, thereby laying the foundation of the National Debt.

It was not until 1915, however, that the Commonwealth started borrowing on its own account. The outbreak of war the year before had plunged the country into staggering expense, and the Imperial Government advanced £18,000,000 for military expenditure. The National Debt has gone on snow-balling ever since.

First result of the new financial demands which the war imposed on the Government was the introduction in 1915 of the Federal Income tax. Before that there was no Federal tax on income. It was understood that the tax should be merely a war measure. But it stayed and grew and grew — and grew!

There were probably people in 1918 who, like some people these days, expect to go back to pre-war conditions.

From 1915 to 1939 the National Debt grew like Jack's bean stalk as the country first set out to pay for the war and then to extricate itself from depression, until in 1939 — little more than a quarter of a century after the Commonwealth raised its first loan — it

had reached £1,295,022,972. It had long since ceased to be a pious of interesting intelligence to the man in the street.

It was merely an entry on the ledgers of the Treasury, which paid interest regularly and, from time to time as loans matured, redeemed them or renewed them. Governments made regular contributions to the National Debt Sinking Fund from which redemptions were paid as loans fell due for discharge.

Side by side with the developmental borrowing of the post-war years taxation also rose to keep pace with higher interest bills for loans, with growing social service charges and with the increased cost of Government generally.

Today the National Debt is really a personal matter to which, whether they like it or not, every man, woman and child in the Commonwealth has an intimate obligation which has to be discharged in taxation, in services, and in the increased cost of citizenship.

Reduced to almsdeeds our current debt means that each one of us in Australia would need to contribute £375 to discharge it. In the last financial year our individual commitment to the National Debt rose by £36, and by the same computation the war cost each of us £190 as our part of the increase in the National Debt, quite separately from our contributions to governmental revenue. In cold, hard figures the war has meant that Australia's National Debt has been slightly more than doubled. Which is as clear an indication as any that 1939 will never come back!

There is a rather naive view held by many people that battles are paid for by some mysterious financial legendman remote from the mundane custom of buying things and paying good money for them. Some of us remember how shocked we were to learn that rentals — or maybe there was another word — were paid for the fields in which the bloody battles of Flanders were fought in the last war. It might surprise a lot of people to learn that we're still paying for the 1914-18 war, and that the money this government has paid out over the years bought the bullets and guns just as surely as if they were paid for over some shop counter.

Early in the war just ended the Australian Government got a bit worried about Britain's bill for the fighting which Australian troops were doing overseas and a financial expert was sent to England to investigate. He found that Australia was being billed £40 an hour for the use of British bombers in the Middle East fighting.

The complex costing system set down so much as the cost of a bomb, and whether the Australian aeroplanes dropped them on the enemy or brought them back to their base Australia was charged with their cost. Careful check of the costs of all the ammunition used by our troops was also made and added to our bill.

The investigation showed that at that time — 1941-42 — it cost nearly as much to maintain our Sunderland squadron in England as it did to finance our then growing R.A.A.F. Every time a Sunderland was serviced, all charges had

to be paid by Australian taxpayers.

The bill which the investigator succeeded in having reduced by about £20,000,000, included an amount representing stranger fare for every member of the A.L.P. transferred from the Middle East to Australia.

There's no charity in Government finance. Everything a nation does has to be paid for in cold cash by somebody — usually the citizen who foots the bill in taxation and increased charges — called for to meet the servicing of the National Debt.

The economists have some high-powered phrases to explain what goes on; but in the final analysis it all gets back to the little man in the street.

Just remember that when you think about those days of 1939 when you could hear money jingle in your pocket.



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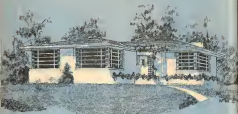
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"As you see, the field is somewhat limited!"

Plan for THE HOME OF TODAY (No.14)



PREPARED BY W. NUTSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

A home that is suitable for a corner site is offered as a suggestion for intending home builders this month. In new subdivisions corner lots usually go first, and there are certain advantages in having two frontages. This fact has been made the most of in the accompanying plan, where the garage is kept at the rear of the house and still requires only a short length of track to connect it with the street.

Room sizes shown are for the most part only suggestions, and may be increased or decreased according to the budget or the taste. If the dimensions shown are adhered to, the house could be accommodated on a 50-foot lot. This home might have been built for \$1400 in a Sydney suburb in the base year, 1933.





There are three bedrooms in the plan, all provided with built-in wardrobes—a modern “inset”—and all grouped around the bathroom. There is a separate shower recess in the bathroom, which is always justified in a three-bedroom house. The dining and living rooms provide one large area for recreation and entertaining, and can be divided off with a curtain on concealed runners in the ceiling if desired. Kitchen is adjacent to the dining room, with direct service through a built-in sideboard.

Circulation in this home is particularly good, as no less than seven separate rooms open off the hall. Yet for the amount of accommodation provided, the hall is unusually small, making for an economic layout.

Entrance to the garage is from the side street, the same gates serving for the kitchen entrance. The kitchen opens off a rear porch, which also provides access to the laundry and the garage, the arrangement ensuring an under-cover entrance to the house in wet weather.

A semi-modern treatment, with steel frame windows, a tiled roof and overhanging eaves, is suggested in the sketches, but the plan is equally suitable for a really modern exterior. Australian home-builders as a general rule are conservative, and something after the style indicated is likely to be universally acceptable.

FINANCING A HOME

By W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

JUST how much one can afford to spend on a home is a highly individual question. Some years ago a body of United States real estate men put the figure down as three times one's annual income. They also decided that one-fifth of the weekly wage is sufficient rent.

Building costs are relatively cheaper in the United States than Australia, and the money would buy a better home. Four times the annual income would be required here for a comparable building.

Present high costs would probably cause a revision of all earlier estimates. Their immediate effect has been to disillusion many who have dreamed of the post-war home featured in magazine and newspaper articles during the war years. They have read of all the wonderful new things to which they are entitled, and now find that the cost factor forces them to build a home that is definitely below the immediate pre-war standard.

Everybody is entitled to the best and most comfortable home that science and art can devise. Unfortunately, it is an almost unvarying rule that among average wage-earners, at least, no one can afford the home to which he is entitled.

It is a mistake to put everything one has into the house. There should always be something in the kitty for that rainy day. At the same time the home should not be spent for the sake of another, say, £50. The way most homes are financed, that £50 might represent

an additional one-and-six a week for twenty-five years. If it isn't spent it might be regretted for fifty years.

No home is complete these days without a hot-water service, a refrigerator, built-in wardrobes, an up-to-date kitchen, a septic tank if the area is unserved. These things weren't available in grandpa's day, and he got along without them. But he would have been better with them.

But all these extra comforts that started as luxuries and are now necessities can't be put in for nothing. They jack up the cost of the building. Grandpa had only to pay for walls, a floor and a roof. You have to pay for a home.

There are building societies, banks, insurance companies and other institutions interested in financing home building. They will give you all the particulars about the amount of ready money required, the weekly or monthly repayments and all the other details of the scheme. But you are the only one who, in the long run, can decide just how much of your savings you can put in and how much you must retain against other emergencies.

But remember, you are going to live in the house for a long time. Your wife is going to work in it, your family grow up in it. It is up to you, and your technical advisers, to see that it is worthy of them.



—O.W.L. Photographs

*I*deas FOR THE HOME OF TODAY

Chairs are important if you want your home to reflect your personality. The chairs in this room show its owner to be a companionable man. Knapp wood upholstery is definitely masculine, used over well-padded framework of bleached wood. The chair-backs are designed to avoid that irritating style which catches the shoulders.



This chair gives the home handyman a chance to show his skill. The framework is wood, shaped to hold the sitter comfortably. Leather strips, evenly laced and tacked on—and you have an individual seat for the living room. Goy striped webbing in place of the leather—and presto! a cheap but colourful sunbeam seat. It has tremendous possibilities. The design is simple, the article easy to handle.



The left side of the fireplace is a built-in shelf for the decorative lighting. The right side is a built-in shelf for the decorative lighting. The built-in shelf is a built-in shelf for the decorative lighting. The built-in shelf is a built-in shelf for the decorative lighting.



The room with restricted space is admirably suitable for armless chairs with adaptable ways. As we show you in this picture, the armless chair can be grouped for a couch, or moved around to suit the taste and demand. These chairs are an elaborate adaptation of the frame shown on page 71. Plain fabric upholstery with corded edges and buttoned backs is the secret of their charm.



The chair that will stand up to hard usage. Birch framework is the base of both chairs. Two-toned weaving seats and cunning half-backs to take the strain of the shoulder blades. These chairs are a trifle more elaborate than others of the same style. The backs of both the easy and ordinary chair are reinforced with a bar of wood, but the general effect has the same simplicity.



THE absence of peck from family menus has produced also a shortage in the paint-brush brushes which have hitherto been used in the production of brushes. The introduction of nylon assisted in overcoming the shortage, but supplies have still been limited.

The use of casein may overcome the difficulty. Scientists at the U.S. Department of Agriculture have successfully developed brushes which are resistant to oils and fat solvents, by mixing casein with water, heating the mixture to a plastic mass, and forcing it through a die with holes of suitable size. Quinine is used to harden the mixture and to add to its resistance against water.

The present fault with such brushes is that they soften when allowed to stand in water.

A PROCESS by which housewives may dehydrate their own vegetables has been developed. Carrots will dry in 10 minutes, compared with the 15 to 20 hours taken by hot air ovens. According to the scientist who is

responsible for the new process, infrared lamps retain a better color in vegetables, and because of the drying-out speed, vitamin retention has been higher.

A small infra-red oven for the housewife is in production.

A FOUNTAIN toothbrush is one of the newest gadgets designed to lighten the more lonely burdens of our daily lives. Eliminating the early morning hunt for dentifrice, it has a reservoir in the handle in which is held a liquid cleanser. This is fed to the brush through a small bore.

Equally ingenious—and, for males, a good bit more practical—is the fountain shaving brush which feeds hot lather to the shaver's face.

The soap-and-water mixture is electrically heated, current being supplied for the heating element through a cord plugged into an outlet. Idea for embryo inventors: a similar gadget but using a thermostat, so that the user may take it with him whilst travelling.



A COMPACT and portable picnic table which folds up like a Gladstone bag should receive a good welcome from lovers of the great outdoors. When unfolded, it has the appearance of a bridge table and has two drawers—one for the crockery and cutlery, the other holding two folding chairs.

When being carried, it is no bigger than a medium-sized suitcase.

JOHN W. THOMAS, chief of the Firestone Tyre and Rubber Company of America, recently said: "A tyre which would run 3,500 miles was the goal of the rubber industry several years ago. Now, it is not unusual for passenger car tyres to run ten times that far.

"It is no secret that we ultimately expect to produce a tyre that will run 100,000 miles. We know how to make blow-out-proof tyres, and we are now making progress on the development of tyres that are puncture-proof and have greater resiliant qualities."

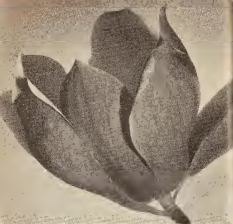
AFTER six years of research, a new method of sterilising cream has been perfected. When processed, the cream will remain fresh, after being kept at room temperature, for 12 months.

Pasteurised milk is unsuitable for such processing because it does not kill all bacteria. The mixture is pre-heated and sterilised at temperatures varying between 260 and 280 degrees Fahrenheit for four minutes.

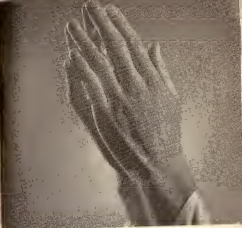
Before treatment, a vegetable stabiliser is added to the fresh cream in order to maintain the original elements whilst the finished product is separating out.

It is anticipated that the new process will assist to overcome seasonal shortages.

TO eliminate the danger created by blinding headlights, an automatic dimmer is on the way. It is operated by an electric eye attached to the front of the car, which on approach of another car transmits a current to the electronic control, thus dimming the lights.



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COURSE WORK.



Problem of the Month

This is a story of long ago, when healthy competition was a feature of our daily lives—and business people sometimes even threw caution to the winds in order to make sure that they would complete a sale.

It concerns two hardware dealers in a country town, both of whom possessed tractor appliances; neither was a very good businessman, for he ignored the simplest of all business axioms: that in order to make a profit, merchandise must be sold at a greater price than that paid for it.

Actually, they were very foolish, for they allowed their rivalry to defeat their common sense, because, obviously, there was enough business in town to afford both a good living.

However, when a leading farmer announced his intention of purchasing a tractor, both Smith and Brown (the dealers) determined to outbid his wishes.

Originally, Smith had demanded a certain price for one of his models, and, for an equivalent model, Brown's price was half as much again. Smith, playing safe, cut his price by 25 per cent; and Brown, not to be outdone, reduced his price 50 per cent.

The farmer, who had been keenly watching the price war, thereupon brought a trisome from each at a total cost of £1400. Here's your problem:

How much did he pay for each, and what were the original prices?

Answer

The farmer paid £500 for Smith's tractor and £900 for Brown's. Smith's starting price was £1000 and Brown's was £1300.

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I Had Been There Before

He was a fugitive in a strange land . . . but every detail of the house was stamped in his subconscious.

THEO ROSSON

I RECOGNISED the house as soon as we came out of the forest. The white walls and green shutters were exactly as I knew them. The house was like an old friend, welcoming me.

I pinched myself hard on the wrist to make sure I wasn't in the dream. It hurt. The marks of my fingernails left tiny welts in

the skin. It was no dream. I was awake, this time.

As I stood up, Barney pulled me back into the long grass.

"Don't be a damned fool. Do you want to get caught?"

"There isn't anybody there," I said. "There never was anybody there. The house was always empty. There wasn't ever a soul

is it . . . excepting myself. Silence hung around us. No living creatures were within sight . . . not even a bird. There was only the soft whisper of the trees.

The trees were part of the dream, too. I knew them very well. Even to the little dwarf pine standing by the front of the house.

"I suppose you're going to walk in the front door," said Barney sarcastically.

"No. We'd better wait until it's almost dark. Then we'll go round to the back," I said, although I knew we could walk up to the front door if we wanted to.

Barney sniffed. He was angry about the whole thing. And rightly so. If we were caught now, it meant a down appointment with a firing squad.

We had come so far without capture, we did not want to be picked up now. We were nearly free. The map showed us where the border was into neutral country. Once past that, we were safe. But we had to get food, and we had to get past the guards on the border, and we knew that they were very closely placed.

All that day we stayed in the forest edge, trying to forget that we were hungry, watching the house. Nothing moved in it. The windows had that odd, dead look of never being opened. No wisps of smoke curled up from the chimney. Nobody went along the roof. Late in the afternoon, we could hear the muffled rumble in the distance.

We decided to give it a go just before the night closed down. Bent double, we raced across the road and into the garden of the house. I went around to the rear, with

Barney close behind me. It was just as deserted there as it was in front.

The door at the back was shut. Barney pushed it, but it didn't move. We could see by the door-step that nobody had been there for a long time. The door was a stout wooden one. No amount of knocking would knock it down — but we didn't have to knock.

The stone slab on which we stood rocked a little. I bent down and gave it a push, and it slid sideways, as I had expected. There, in the little pit under it, I found the key.

Barney looked sideways at me when I tried the key in the lock. It turned. Not easily, but with a grudging, grating scrape, and we put the key back, closed the stone and went inside, shutting the door behind us.

The house smelled musty and dry as though it had been empty for a long time. It didn't smell the way it did in the dream. It always had a clean, fresh smell then, as though the wind off the pine trees carried the clean scent of pine needles into the house.

It was dark inside. Barney had a match alight in a moment, cupping its flame in his hands. The faint light was enough to show me where the doors were, and I went towards one.

"This is the kitchen. We ought to find a torch in there, I think," I told Barney, as we went into the room. It was the kitchen, and the torch was in a drawer right where I thought it would be. It was a good torch although the battery was weak.

"You've got a nose like a fer-

ret," said Barney. "Anyone'd think you knew the place, the way you walk into it. Have you been here before?"

"Yes — and no," I said. "I'll explain presently. I could do with something to eat, couldn't you?"

Barney grinned. "Go on," he urged. "Nose out something to eat, and I'll believe you."

He was nervous, but not showing it. "The way you move around the place, a man'd think you were born here."

I opened a cupboard door. "This goes down to the cellar," I told him. "We ought to get something eatable here."

"Did you hide here before they picked you up?" asked Barney, following me down the narrow stairs.

"No, I've never really been in this place before — but I know it." I began to look around the shelves and take down food. "I'll tell you about it when we get something inside us."

After we went back into the kitchen, Barney began to fumble awkwardly through his pockets, and when he saw me looking, he grinned humbly.

"Forgot where I was. I had an idea I had some smokes."

"There ought to be some here," I told him. "Come on." We went back into the little hallway and I took him into what had been the parlor.

It had beautifully made furniture. The wood was as smooth as silk under the dust which coated it thickly. There was a writing desk in the alcove by the window. The lid of the desk opened easily, and I found the hamper. The tobacco was old, but smokeable, and Barney

inhaled deeply as soon as he found a piece of paper to wrap around a few shreds of tobacco.

"Now," said Barney, contentedly, "how do you know this place? What's this 'yes' — and no' business? Did you come here in your travels?"

"I've never been away from home until I set foot on the transport," I told him. "But — this is a house I used to dream about . . ."

Barney spluttered over a mouthful of smoke.

"You having me on?" he demanded.

"It sounds crazy," I had to admit, "but it's the truth. I remember dreaming about it when I was a kid. It was just as we saw it today. Nobody about. No movement. I — in the dream, that is, I used to push back the stone, get the key, and come inside. And there was never anyone here. I know exactly what all the rooms look like. You've been with me ever since we came in. Now, you go and look at the stairs. You'll see that the supports of the banisters on the stairs are carved snakes. . ."

Barney got up and went out with the torch. When he came back, he nodded.

"Snakes they are," he said. "What else?"

"Upstairs — there's a nursery . . ." I detailed the rooms as I knew them. . . and there is only one man in the house I don't know as well as I know the back of my hand."

"Why?"

"Because, every time I went to open the door — it's off the main bedroom upstairs — I'd wake up.

No matter how many times I came into the house in the dream, as soon as I went to open that particular door, I'd wake up.*

Barney was nodding drowsily. He went to sleep as I finished speaking. I tagged him into a comfortable position on the floor, eased his head on to a cushion, and went to sleep myself.

We were awake early next morning. The rambles we had heard the previous evening were clearer, now. Barney was anxious to go over the house and see if my descriptions tallied with the real thing. We went upstairs together. It was just as I had known it would be, even to the pictures on the wall. Not painted nor etched, but embossed on yellowed satin in little black stitches.

"What did your people say? Did you ever tell them about the dream?"

I shook my head.

"No. My mother died when I was very young — I think she died when I was born, as a matter of fact. I don't remember her. And I spent most of my childhood in boarding schools. The old man used to travel a good bit. Anyway, I couldn't tell him. He wouldn't take any notice of anything I told him."

"Why? Didn't you like it off?"

"No." We didn't, either.

"It's so damn silly," said Barney. "If I didn't know you, I'd say you were stretching it a bit." He couldn't make it out. Nor could I.

"This is the room where I said the door was," I told him, as we went into what had obviously been the main bedroom. It was a wide,

lofty room, with windows overlooking a magnificent view. You could see a great sweep of valley, stretching away for miles. And the door was there . . .

I think it was a wardrobe door. There was no connecting door into the other room beside it. We had been into all the rooms in the house. This was the last one we were in now.

"Then the one?" asked Barney, putting out his hand to open it.

I knocked his hand away, and nodded.

"Well," he said, "why don't you open it and see what's behind?"

"I don't know. It's odd, but it's the only thing about this house that's unfamiliar. This is where I used to wake up. Every time I went to open this door — and . . ."

Crazy though it sounds, I was scared to open that door. We squatted down in front of it, looking at the shining white paint, only faintly dusty.

There was a barely visible streak where a paintbrush had left a ridge, right from the handle down the panel. I showed Barney this.

"Funny to think that there's just that one flaw," I said.

Barney's eyes narrowed thoughtfully. "Yeah, funny," he agreed, holding his finger away from the ridge, but tracing its passage from the handle down to the floor.

He turned back the edge of the carpet near the door, and we could see the hair fine wire disappearing through the floor boards.

"Where can we find some strong string?" asked Barney.

"I'll get some," and I went

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downstairs and came back with a reel of fishing line I had found in the cupboard under the stairs.

Barney was muttering profusely to himself when I got back.

"You go outside," he said. "No sense both of us going if I make a slip."

But I stayed. I had seen Barney do this kind of thing hundreds of times.

When Barney had the line fixed around the wire, I opened the window. He held the slack of the line in his hand, and tossed the reel down into the garden.

Then we went out of the house the way we had come in, without bothering to lock the door. Barney picked up the reel and we crossed the road, carefully unreeeling the line as we went.

We went to the edge of the far-cut, and then we heard the sharp crackle of firing, and the screech of cars racing towards us.

"There, or ours?" wondered Barney. We kept our heads down, but we might have stood up for all the noise they took of us. They weren't looking for a couple of e-scapes — they wanted shelter. And the house was the only building in sight. They let the empty car go racing along the road after they got out, and then beat it inside the house.

The car rocketed crazily along the road and crashed. Then there was silence, except for the faint drone of the cars coming after them.

Not after them, we could see familiar uniforms. Barney pulled gently on the fishing line. Nothing happened for a moment. Far down the road, we could see a cloud of

dust. Someone inside the house fired a shot . . . and then, quite ten minutes afterwards, the whole building literally went up in a cloud of smoke and dust . . .

That was all we remembered until we woke up in an American hospital. Little heroes, we were, because we had destroyed the house . . .

And then it was only a matter of time until we came home and I took Barney with me. His family lived way outback, and he stayed with myself and the Dad for a few days until he got used to being back.

First thing I did was to tell Dad about the house. The old man is a reserved type — he never says very much. I don't remember my mother.

"This house," he said, when I'd finished, "where exactly was it?"

I told him, as well as I could. We found out in the hospital that it had belonged to one of the Party heads — a summer shack, or something . . .

The old man nodded his head, and found a piece of paper.

"Draw it for me," he said.

I sketched a rough idea of the place, and he nodded again.

"With a place tree — a dwarf one — just beside the window?"

I agreed — and then looked at him.

"Did you know it?"

"I never told you anything about your mother. I hated you. Your birth brought about her death," he said, at last. "But I can't understand it." He paused, then said: "Why should you dream about the house where we spent our honeymoon?"

It's the quality . . . not the quantity

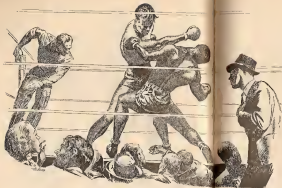


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MUM

TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

02710



Mumma O'Toole

She had the qualities of a champion pugilist, with a wallop in every word if she wanted to show that she was boss.

IT'S not a story you could put in mean lights, Shorty said; not something that would get the world magging. But for all that it was an important fight — a fight that made all the difference in Blackie's career, and a business that affected every one of us in Mumma O'Toole's camp.

You know Mumma O'Toole. You been in that barn of a gymnasium she used to have in Kitchen Street. Hell, Andy, it seems like I'm still there, herding for the old girl. It's just like a picture in front of my eyes. There were six of us boys in the gym and we'd always be hard at it, skipping, punching the

bag, sparring, and taking time off to admire Blackie making that ball sing a tune with a ding-dong rhythm of punches.

When Mumma O'Toole came in that morning, the boys all chorused: "Hello, Punchy!"

She laughed in her tough, bluff and hearty way, and told us to ease up and not exhaust ourselves trying to impress her. She walked towards Blackie punching the ball and we gathered around. There was a smile of pleasure and delight on her face as she watched her protégé go to town on that leather-faced pup.

Then Blackie dropped his hands

and grinned. He was nineteen, with dark, curly hair, and a smile as white as toothpaste. He had a confidence that was in danger of slopping over into conceit. Sometimes I had a feeling he wasn't on the square with any of us. No reason for it, you know; I just had it.

"Hi, Mumma," said Blackie. "What do you know?"

"I know I've done the right thing with you," smiled Mumma O'Toole. "Looking after you like a baby works wonders. Only two weeks to go now. Worrying?"

"What for?" laughed Blackie. "Cut it out, O'Toole. I'll put Len-

ten away in two shakes of a lamb's tail."

"Good for you, but don't forget Dinky Lenton is no lamb."

"No fear," I put in. "He's got a heart like a lion, that feller, and he fights all the way."

"That's how I like 'em," grinned Blackie. He turned and said seriously: "I owe everything to you, Mumma."

"Nonsense! You've got it in you, liddle. I only saw it and brought it out."

"I'd rather work under you," said Lefty Reynolds, "than anyone else I can think of."

The feller all said that they felt the same.

"You'll do us, Mumma."

Mumma O'Toole looked gratified, even touched: "Thanks boys. But it hasn't been hard managing you — any of you. You've been good boys to me. When my poor old Laurie O'Toole went off — rest his soul — I swore I'd carry on the job he loved so well. I hope he's looking now and seeing me with me hand on the shoulder of

Blackie here. O'Toole, I'd say if he was here, shake with a champion — a future champion. Here's a boy to make your dreams come true, O'Toole."

She was a grand old girl, said Sharty. She had everything the best of them ever had: shrewd as Johnson, tough as Dempsey, game as Leonard, with a wallop at every word if she wanted to show her feet. She'd taken us over just as a matter of course. I suppose her hard life fitted her for it, all her tough spins leading for herself as a slum kid, her circus life knocking about the world. It all added up to make her the woman she was.

You don't know how hot up we all were about the coming fight between Blackie and Dirty Lenton. If Blackie won, it meant we were on our way to the big stuff — and Blackie would be coming into the ranks of those eligible for a crack at the championship.

The big night arrived. Fight-hungry crowds rolled into the stadium. The betting favored Blackie, but only slightly.

When the boys left their corners, they shaped up weirdly, evidently not going to force it. But Dirty couldn't stay that way for long. With characteristic style he led with a smart powerful left. Blackie ducked, countered, but the blow went over Dirty's shoulder. He was lucky. Blackie feinted with flashing speed and tapped in a one-two to Dirty's pleats. Dirty fell back stung, and Blackie snapped up a left uppercut, missing as Dirty neatly backstepped. They clinched. The referee separated them. The bell changed.

"I think you've got him worried, Blackie," I said. "Here, gaggle."

When Blackie came back after the second round, I said: "What's the matter. You could have taken him a couple of times there. Up with your arm."

"Where's Mamma O'Toole?" "Right down there. She's counting on you, Blackie. Get in and give him the works."

The boys came out for round three considerably warmed up. Dirty Lenton worked in with his peculiar weave — he was a slick little fighter — and jinked that deadly left of his. It caught Blackie on the temple as he brought up a right block. In a second Dirty chopped him in the head again. Blackie seemed to rock a bit. He shook his head, and stepped back. Dirty crowded him, peppering him with punches. Blackie went defensive — but the blows rained on him.

The crowd was on its feet roaring like a couple of oceans. Supporters were yelling for Blackie to hit — to give it back. There was something wrong. Dirty was just beating Blackie all around the ring. It didn't look right. You remember I told you of that feeling I had about Blackie? It crept over me again, just like an insect.

Dirty kept crowding him, harassing him with punches. They were in close.

Suddenly it came — a left upper cut movement by Lenton. Blackie fell away. The crowd roared and howled. Some of them seemed as confused as I was, for I didn't see any blow connect. In a hurry, I saw Blackie down, the referee counting over him.

I couldn't believe it. He wasn't



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making any effort to get up. He just lay there groggily, raised on his arms, his eyes bleary, his head swaying. The crowd didn't believe he was out.

"Get up and fight! He didn't hit you!"

"Seven — eight — nine — OUT!"

And Dirty Lenton was the winner. The crowd mixed its cheers with boos and catcalls.

We were all in Blackie's dressing room, mad enough to tear him to pieces. He said nothing. Then Mumsa O'Toole came in, her face hard, a terrible look of rage, disappointment and scorn in her eyes. She walked straight up to Blackie and stared at him.

"What's up?" said Blackie. "Where do you get that look from? You don't think I took a fall, too, do you?"

"I don't think I know. Blind Freddy could have seen it."

"But I tell you you're crazy. Don't you know —"

"All I know," said Mumsa O'Toole, "is that you've made a beautiful fool out of me and these boys; and my dead husband, him that you were fighting for, too. I never knew you had a backbone in your nature and the will-power of a bit of straw in the wind. You dirty rat!" she fumed.

We followed her out without a word. I hope I never see another man looked like Blackie did then.

Well, you know what the judges thought. The talk of suspension, the scorn and contempt, and the eggs spreading the tale of Blackie's fall. There was trouble, too, between Dirty and his manager because that sort of talk took the

credit away from them. No one believed their denials. How could you blame people? I tell you I saw that fight and it looked like a set up to me, and I've seen some set ups in my time. The same went for Mumsa O'Toole.

Blackie couldn't get a fight anywhere, but he didn't seem to want them. He hung around the billiard rooms and made a pal of the hooch. As for us, Mumsa O'Toole got it in the neck, too, people thinking she had been a party to the deception. You know how those things are.

After a bit I went along to see Blackie. Right on the outer, he was, and bitter as hell.

"Shorry, I've been done a terrible wrong," he said. "Why would I want to throw my chance away? In the name of all that's sensible, why? Don't you think I believed in my career?"

"I've never seen a fall look so much like a fall, Blackie," I said.

"It was those lucky punches of Lennon's — those cracks on the head. Dazed me. Mind was a blank. I could scarcely see. I was just fighting by instinct; thought it'd wear off. That's the truth, Shorry, no matter how much like a fall it looked."

Before I left, I told him I believed him, and was sorry for my attitude.

When I spoke to Mumsa O'Toole, she said: "If it's the last thing I do, I'll have no truck with that limb of the devil. Don't bring it up again."

A few days later Mumsa O'Toole had a stroke. She had to be kept quiet, so we didn't see much of her. Rather than demand,

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the boys voted me in charge. Then Blackie came to see me, practically went down on his knees asking for a chance. I engaged him. He was in terrible shape, and I got to work straight away.

He was taking his training seriously, and once or twice he showed some of the form that had once made us think we were watching the next champion. Other times, he was listless, discouraged.

After a lot of wrestling I managed to get him two small but important fights, which he won. Then I managed a return match with Dinty Linton. Mamma O'Toole was getting better. She'd heard what I'd done, and said she would never forgive me.

The fight came off. It was the fourth round and Dinty was very fresh. He was winning on points. I began to think the worst of Blackie, to doubt him. He looked weary, fatigued, dejected. There was none of that old fighting devil in him. Yes, I had made sure he was in the best of condition.

Dinty hammered him with both fists, driving him around the ring. I thought I was watching a repeat performance of their last fight. A right cross and Blackie hit the canvas. The bell saved him at eight, and I pulled him to his seat: "Blackie, snap out of it. Wake up!" I shook his head, spanged him, towelled him frantically. "What are you doing?" I cried desperately. "Checking the fight? Everybody's getting the idea you are."

Then, suddenly, I gaped. At Mamma O'Toole. Two of the boys carried her to the ring-side. Blackie stared, sweating, with hope in his eyes.

"Blackie," said Mamma, "don't be dead at your spirit, ladde, don't. Go in and win, Blackie. I'm with you, every inch of the way."

Blackie took two rounds to pick up what he had lost. You wouldn't have thought the change possible. He was a fighting machine, his old self, cool, vital, fast as an eel.

They came in slugging toe to toe, swapping punch for punch. It was a battle of endurance, hitting power. The crowd went wild. Dinty swung a left; Blackie jerked his head back with an uppercut and slammed into him as he rebounded from the ropes. Dinty was being beaten in a long process, his cocky heart refusing surrender, but his flesh unable to take it. A terrible right cross and Dinty collapsed. The referee lifted Blackie's hand, and then — you'll no doubt remember — Blackie buckled and fell in a dead faint.

Yes, he was out, exhausted, and Mamma O'Toole was never done going crook on me for letting him fight while in poor condition.

But the truth was that Blackie had fooled me. Physically, he wasn't fit for that fight, but he didn't let me know it. He said he wouldn't have won if it hadn't been for Mamma O'Toole, there haracking him, believing in him, the sight of her old face, sick and white and strained, cheering him on to victory.

She had put the fighting devil back in him, Mamma O'Toole! Shorty looked at me: she's in a wheel chair now, a great old girl, still spouting wisdom and encouragement into young fellows in the game. Blackie? He was killed at Aitape.



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WHEN Kim was called up to go to the war, I grieved hard for weeks that he would be killed. But after a time, the growing realization came that Kim would eventually come back, alive and well, and our life of horror would begin all over again.

Our marriage started in the normal, breathless way, almost ten years ago. But after I had the accident and became completely blind, Kim began to grow more silent and indifferent towards me until we both realized in a cold, almost logical way, that we hated each other.

He worked in the office of a de-

partment store in town . . . a fairly good job, which paid enough for us to live comfortably. He bought us a house during the first years of our marriage, and at least it was a comfort for me to learn each corner of it by heart, and pretend during my lonely hours that I could walk all around and unerringly through its bright little rooms.

Kim left me alone quite often. Before the war, he would stay in town until late at night, and not come home until I was in bed. The rare evenings that he was at home, we would not say a word to each other, until our usual good-

Please DON'T COME BACK . .

After ten years of marriage, they knew, in a cold logical way, that they hated each other.

BETTY LEE

and good, I would be silent and lock myself in my bedroom, running my fingers softly over my face.

The last time I saw myself in a mirror was six years previously. I had been twenty-three years of age. Kim had always whispered to me that I was beautiful, and I believed it. Personally, I was of the opinion that I had average good looks, but Kim's compliments helped to bolster the belief. In my blindness, I touched the thin ridge of my nose, and the still-soft curve of my mouth. My skin was smooth, and I wore my hair fairly short so that I could arrange it more easily. Surely I could not have grown hideous in six years!

Eventually, I would come to him again.

"Kim . . . couldn't we reach some sort of compromise?"

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"We have to live together, haven't we? There's no way out of it."

"You know there isn't."

"Well, then . . . at least we can live in some sort of peace!"



nights. Strangely enough, I learned not to be too unhappy. The miserable moments were when he was with me, and during my independent hours I learned to do thoroughly and enjoyably the important little duties which became so dear to the totally blind.

Briefly, we would quarrel. Kim, of course, wanted a divorce. But as I had no relations, and therefore no other refuge in my helplessness, I would throw my affliction in his face and smother him in his chairs. He hated me for it, and blamed me for binding him to a life with a sightless horror. Sometimes, after he would call me ugly

"All right, then . . . all right, then. You keep to your side of the house, and I'll keep to mine."

"Is that how you want it?"

"Of course." He would be silent for a moment, and I would hear him fidgeting with his newspaper. "Oh, God," he would explode. "Get out of here, will you? You make me nervous with your white eyes."

This often happened. I went as he requested.

Thus it was, that when Kim came home one afternoon and opened his mail, I was glad to hear the news.

"Oh, hell," was all he said at first.

"What's wrong?"

"Good news for you. I've been called up for the Army. I have to report in forty-eight hours."

I was silent.

He shouted: "Go on . . . cheer or something!"

I said: "Why should I?"

I listened to the shuffling noise of him walking from the room.

A neighbour volunteered to come in every afternoon to do shopping for me, and so I did not want anything whilst Kim was away. Otherwise, I was completely alone for two years. I received no letters from him . . . but then on the other hand, I received no envelope from the War Department, so I presumed that he was still alive.

I was happy for the time, took a pride in my garden, and looked forward to my infrequent visitors, who rang the door bell and then to enquire. Once a week, the parish clergyman would pay a visit and stay for a cup of tea and a chat. I found his company stimulating,

and even forgot to frown when he urged that I should find someone to stay with me during Kim's absence.

"You shouldn't stay in this house alone, you know," he munched over a biscuit. "Not that anything terrible would happen to you . . . but you never know, you might fall ill suddenly. Then where would you be?"

I laughed. "I'm afraid I don't know."

"There, you see? Surely you can afford to hire a nurse to do for you. I can't imagine that your husband didn't arrange such a thing before he went away. Excuse me for saying so . . . but it was rather thoughtless of him, wasn't it?"

I countered: "Kim's a very thoughtless person. It really wasn't his fault. He was in such a rush getting away, that I assured him I would be all right."

"I see. And here is your husband? I suppose he's sent some action? Army, isn't it?"

"Yes. Oh, I believe he's been in New Guinea somewhere. I have not had many letters, but I suppose that's to be expected. He's quite well, I think."

I think. Afterwards I wondered. Surprisingly, I felt a strange pang of compassion for a certain soldier who was legally my husband. Then suddenly, it left me, and I felt quite normal again.

I began to enjoy my solitude. There was always a warmness in rising in the morning — an independence in realising that everything I did — everything I wished to do was entirely for myself.

I was meticulous around the house. I could not see the dust,



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but I knew that it could not be there, because I was careful to clean the smooth surfaces of my furniture every day.

My home was a bare place — devoid of flimsy articles or worthless knock-knocks. But I had learned to be wary of these tiny, fragile pieces which would fall at the touch of a hand.

The pulse of independence became overwhelming. I grew to realize that at last I had found a real life . . . within myself. A life which I felt I could never give up, now that I had discovered it.

The afternoon the front bell rang in a familiar, commanding way, I automatically pushed my hair against my head, because I knew it was Kim. Unerringly, and confidently, I opened the door and faced the blackness.

"Hello, Kim," I said.

His voice answered me. "Hello." I held the door open, and he strode past me into the living room. I heard the almost imperceptible creak of the divan as he flung himself on it.

"Well," I said. "You're back."

"Yes, I'm back."

"For good?"

"Yes, I've been ill, I've been discharged."

"Oh. Were you very ill?"

"Not very. It was just an accident. How have you been?"

I was surprised at the solicitude of his voice. "Well, I've managed quite well, I think. Nothing has happened. It's just the same as you went away. I don't think anything has been changed, has it?"

Silence. Then he said, "No . . . everything is the same. Except . . ."

I said: "What is it, Kim?"

He hesitated. "When I was in hospital, I had time to think. I thought quite a lot, actually."

"Yes?"

"It's been hard for you, hasn't it?"

"What do you mean?"

"Everything. Our years together . . . your blindness."

"Rather hard, I suppose."

"I made it harder. I've realized that. This war made me realize a lot of things. It's going to be better in the future."

The laugh that came from my lips was harsh. "Is it?"

"Of course. Will you let me make it better?"

"You're starting a little late, aren't you, Kim? What beautiful miracle happened in the battle to make you so different?"

"Please . . ."

"I've had time to think, too, Kim. I suppose you can understand that?"

"Yes, of course."

"It's about that divorce. Perhaps if I divorced you it might work. I've been happy living alone. Quite happy. It's surprising all the exciting little things you can find to interest you when you're blind. The Braille books, and the knitting and the gardening. It's amazing for you. You can build a new world for yourself. Perhaps I've become a bit of a hermit . . . but I love it. I don't need you at all. So . . . if you can arrange it with a solicitor . . ."

Confidently I spoke on. I knew that he must be looking at me fixedly, for the silence was almost more than I could bear.

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I want. If I could have this house, it would be easier for me, of course. I know my way around so well now. If I had to move, it would take some time to find my bearings. You'll understand that, of course. And now that you're out of the Army, you'll be able to marry again, I suppose. . . . someone who will understand you. . . ."

Kim broke in, "Darling. . . ."

I was startled at the word. "What did you say?"

"I don't want a divorce. Can't you understand?"

We sat so silently that the air sang namelessly around us. A car drove down the street, and the sound was like a chorus of bees scolding in unison. My hands fell to my sides, and I grasped the

plush of my chair in an effort to find the meaning of Kim's words. In a hot flash, I felt ashamed of what I had said and wished that I could make amends for my hasty attitude.

Suddenly I stretched out my hand and waited for him to take it, but it was left foolishly suspended in the air like an unmanned token.

He said again: "Can't you understand?"

My jaw fell foolishly open, and I brought back my hand to my lap. A brilliant ray of resignation sped through the darkness, and I felt so strong and so confident that I sprang suddenly to my feet.

For then I knew that Kim was also blind.

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FIRST night. The Spring Street theatre, Melbourne, was full to capacity, and from the audience came that excited buzz of conversation which is the prelude of all first nights.

Here, tonight, Australians were to make their acquaintance with the opera, *Faust*. The occasion was made more noteworthy by the fact that it brought together two of the most popular artists of the stage: Frederici and Australia's darling, Nellie Stewart, and that the opera was to be sung in English.

Frederici had come to the country after an eminently successful

season on the continent, and his fine reputation had made him first choice for the part of Mephistopheles.

Faust came first, the opera was a success; the costumes and settings were magnificent, and the principals, inspired by the atmosphere, were adding to their laurels. Frederici, holding his audience with the skill of the accomplished artist, was the very devil incarnate.

So *Faust* reached the last act, with *Faust* clanked by his master and descending into Hell while the chorus sang what is perhaps the loveliest music of the opera.

The performance had gone without hitch—although at one time Cellier, the conductor, had noticed that Frederici had stumbled and looked dazed. But the incident had been fleeting, and Cellier had dismissed it from his mind.

Red lights playing on them, *Faust* and Mephistopheles descended to Hell in a flurry of smoke. The audience, wrapped in

"What's HE got I haven't got?"



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the drama of the scene, were silent until they had disappeared and the curtain had fallen. Then, they broke into spontaneous and prolonged applause, calling for the artist . . . for Nellie Stewart, for Frederick.

But the man who had played



HE was an undersized man, with a head too big for his body; and as unattractive as he was in appearance, there was even less to commend him socially.

He was a monster of concert. He believed that he was one of the world's greatest dramatists, and one of its most profound thinkers.

His voice was monotonous and droned on continuously, until his audience would almost make him to stop his flow of words. Whenever he wrote anything—and he wrote prolifically on any subject at all—he would read it aloud to his friends and family for hours.

Hopelessly inefficient as a pianist, he would play interminably at parties at which were present some of the world's best pianists, and sing in the worst possible voice to an audience of renowned vocal artists.

He was unscrupulous, and an



OUT of the morning mist, a bomber streaked across the sky to

Mephistopheles, whom the audience had seen descending into Hell, did not come to take his curtain call. He had died in the last scene of the opera, just as the trapdoor on which he, Mephistopheles, was standing had carried him below sight of the audience.

inveterate borrower; and he wrote begging letters by the score on the pretext that, as a genius, it was a privilege to support him.

His greatest genius, however, and his critics, was that of making enemies. And whilst he postured and vented his extreme egotism, they laughed and ridiculed and spurned.

And yet . . . the curious thing is that this sickly, underbred man was right.

He was a genius. He was a great dramatist, and he was one of the greatest musical geniuses of all time.

If he had spoken of his capabilities for 24 hours every day for his life's span, he could not have praised himself half as much as others have praised him since.

For this man wrote 13 operas and music dramas . . . a priceless gift to the world.

He was Richard Wagner,

reached out from the past to annihilate the likeness of a man whose life had also been destroyed by violence . . .

During his life, David Graham Phillips rose to become one of America's most famous novelists. Yet to his readers, he remained an almost anonymous figure. Shunning publicity, he refused to pose for photographers and lived a life of seclusion.

Phillips was murdered by a musician who claimed that the writer had disgraced his family in a novel. The evening crowds read of the murder in the tabloids, but no paper was able to accompany the story with a photograph.

Then, years after the murder, another writer called on Henry Hering, one of America's foremost sculptors. The writer, a relative of Phillips' by marriage, had gained possession of three photographs of the murdered man, and requested Hering to make a bust from them.



"I'M Morgan. Call everybody to this room."

The tall, bearded man watched warily while his order was being obeyed. Then, having made sure that the whole MacPherson family and domestic staff were present, he called for food.

He ate quickly and hungrily, his eyes, shadowed from lack of sleep, remained alert, for he knew that no man with a thousand pounds reward on his head could afford to take chances.

Hering agreed; a clay model was completed and reproduced in a plaster cast, eventually to be cast on bronze.

Those who had known Phillips said that the likeness was perfect . . . that seeing the bust was like seeing again the ill-fated novelist.

Hering was not in his studio on that fateful morning when the bomber crashed into the Empire State building. When he heard of the disaster, he hurriedly drove to the scene of the tragedy.

When at last he was permitted to inspect his studio, he saw a heap of marble, clay, plaster and sculpture parts. None of his works of art remained.

The bust of David Graham Phillips had disappeared; the photographs had also gone; and all that had remained of the novelist had been destroyed.

David Graham Phillips, the man who had sought anonymity in life, had at last achieved it in death.

The MacPherson family regarded him with a mixture of fear and curiosity. This was Morgan, killer and thief; Morgan, the man who had crashed the police for months, the bushranger who had terrorized the Riverina district.

Outside, the station hands went about their business unconscious of the drama which was being enacted within the house. One of the hands, James Quinlan, had already encountered financial loss at Morgan's hands, and had vowed to gain revenge. But those inside the house

were aware that any attempt to warn the men would bring quick retaliation from the bushranger.

Morgan, his mind flustered, spoke again:

"I heard someone playing the piano as I rode up. Who was it?"

Mrs. MacPherson came forward. At his command, she seated herself at the piano and commenced to play. When she had finished, the bushranger was in a relaxed mood.

He began to talk of his adventures, to boast of the way in which he had fooled the police. Suddenly, he was interrupted by the crying of a baby. Alice, the housemaid, attempted to sooth the infant — and continued surreptitiously to pinch her.

At last, Morgan agreed with Alice's suggestion that she take little Christina into the open air. With the infant in her arms being

possided into further crying, Alice pored up and down outside the house . . .

Night paled into the faint pink of dawn; Morgan, still alert, called for breakfast, and when he had eaten, spoke to MacPherson:

"I'll need a fresh horse. Take me to the stockyard."

They left the house together. Morgan with pistol in hand and MacPherson in the knowledge that he walked with death. For Alice had already told him that she had convinced to send for help.

One hundred yards away, James Quinlan rose from his hiding place, and raised a rifle. Morgan fell, mortally wounded.

Christina MacPherson, the baby, had made her first public bow. It is a scene which every Australian should remember, for it was she who wrote the music for the famous *Waltzing Matilda*.



THIS is the tale of a five-pound note which ended the globe to set free a captive. It begins in a dim, damp prison in Algiers where an Englishman, Peter Dean, had been imprisoned for some trifling offence.

Considered and had been refused him; his possessions had been confiscated; his protests had been ignored.

All he had now were a few personal belongings, the clothes he wore, and a few pounds which had been left him.

For almost a year he was forgotten; then, desperate, he wrote

with his own blood these words on an English £5 note:

"If this message should come into the hands of John Dean, of Longhill, near Carlisle, England, he will hereby learn that his brother is languishing a prisoner in Algiers."

The five pound note bought him a few packets of cigarettes.

Eleven more years passed before a teller in the Bank of England, holding the note to the light to test its genuineness, read the message: "If this message should come into the hands of John Dean, of Longhill . . ."

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In Algiers, Peter Dean still lay in prison. His money had long since been spent. His clothes were in tatters. He was close to starvation.

John Dean received the message and booked the first passage to Algiers. There, he contacted the British consulate and obtained an order to search for his brother.

But 11 years had passed. Would Peter be still alive? The authorities had almost forgotten the Eng-

lishman whom they had thrown into prison.

They searched through records, and at last John Dean was told of his brother's whereabouts—if he still lived.

At the prison, the police escorted John down to the heart of the cells. And there, lying in the darkness—ill, emaciated—was Peter Dean . . . the man whose life was saved by a dirty, ten five-pound note.



MARIA LEE was a fine figure of a woman. She was tall and well-built, and when she moved, black satin muscles rippled beneath her skin. Mostly, her voice was slumberous and soft, but there were times when it assumed a sternity which brought terror into the hearts of her listeners.

Maria lived on the Boston waterfront—a place where bawdier sailors spilled from ships in an eager search for wine and women. Respectable citizens had learnt the wisdom of avoiding the roystering seamen, but Maria walked among them without fear; and they, in return, gave her a wide berth.

Yes, the seamen stood in awe of this strong, black woman who could—and often did—render a man unconscious with a blow from her mighty fist; who had once knocked down three sailors who were bent on knifing one another; who would, when she had registered her own dissatisfaction at

their behaviour, swing them across her back and carry them to the police station.

Maria was popular with the police, for she saved them trouble.

"Send for Maria!" said the respectable people when sailors became quite obscene. "Fetch Maria!" pleaded the man set upon by wharf-side thugs.

And Maria would soon be on the spot to administer her rough justice.

And so Maria came to be regarded as the protector of the weak, a woman who was respected by all and feared by many.

Maria has been dead for nearly 100 years. But her name lives on . . . lives on in possibly the most peculiar way in which a woman has ever achieved immortality.

For today, when the troublesome drunk, the unwary pickpocket, the aggressive brawler and sundry other law-breaking men are conveyed to the police station, they travel on the police was colloquially termed the Black Maria . . .

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Talking Points

* Okay, okay. We made a mistake in our November issue, and we're ready to admit it. It seems, from all the correspondence we've had on the subject, that there's a little lady named Lois Green who is now worthily upholding Australia's name by playing the lead in Rod Hensgen's London pantomime, "Cinderella."

The point is, we published a photograph of Miss Green on the cover of November's CAVALLADE—and credited it to another little lady.

So, if you'll all stand back and give us a little breathing space, we're ready to acknowledge that our reputation for infallibility has been dented. Furthermore, we are not even going to cast anything more than a chilling glance at the photographer who got his signals mixed.

Additionally, we'd like to say that CAVALLADE is proud to have had the opportunity of publishing Miss Green's photograph and send her best wishes for success in the future.

Okay, now? — the lady whose photograph appeared on the cover of our November issue was Miss Lois Green, and none other.

* Our cover produced yet another letter in which we were also taken to task. The writer lives at Waratah, N.S.W., and in as friendly a way as critics can be, he registers a protest at CAVALLADE's new site.

"Before the change your magazine was of a size to fit easily into the coat pocket. This made it especially handy to read when travelling as, when we were tired of reading, we could put it into the coat pocket, where it was out of danger of mislaid and where it could not be forgotten and left be-

hind. Now, it juts out up to two inches, which makes for dirty and dog-eared pages."

Our reader is right: we've tried it with our own coat. When we put down to producing the new CAVALLADE, we set out to give you a chilling magazine which would set a new standard in Australian publishing. And to do this, we subjected it to so many trials, almost, as were applied to Stevenson's *Reckit*. But we suddenly forgot to give it the test recommended by our reader.

Still there's a bright radiance to his criticism, for the letter came to us by way of the Subscription Department, which had seized on it in order to detach a subscriber's renewal form.

* One day we were sitting at our desk checking about Cover Girls in general, and that for the next issue in particular, when a young lady dropped a batch of art work in front of us. Perhaps because she had departed from the artists' tradition of being late, we smiled at her. And she smiled right back. And there was our Cover Girl.

June McDonald is a freelance artist. She is also a ballet dancer (she toured with the de Basil company when she was 15), a radio singer and actress (she's currently associated with ABC shows), a fashion designer; and now, a Cover Girl.

Personal data: age, 25. Weight, 1 stone 8 1/2 lbs. Height, 5' 10" 1/2.

* Previous April marks the recent appearance of Mr Roland Foster, whose arduous commencement in the December issue recently pleased our readers greatly. This time, he discusses the question "Was There Is Another Africa?"

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... or refreshment joins the family picnic

When the feast is spread, picnic guests are sure to gather 'round the spot where ice-cold Coca-Cola is served. And how good "Coke" tastes with the sumptuous food! Keep a supply on hand. Then you can always offer your friends and guests the pause that refreshes, — a symbol of welcome from Palm Beach, Australia, to Palm Beach, U.S.A.



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